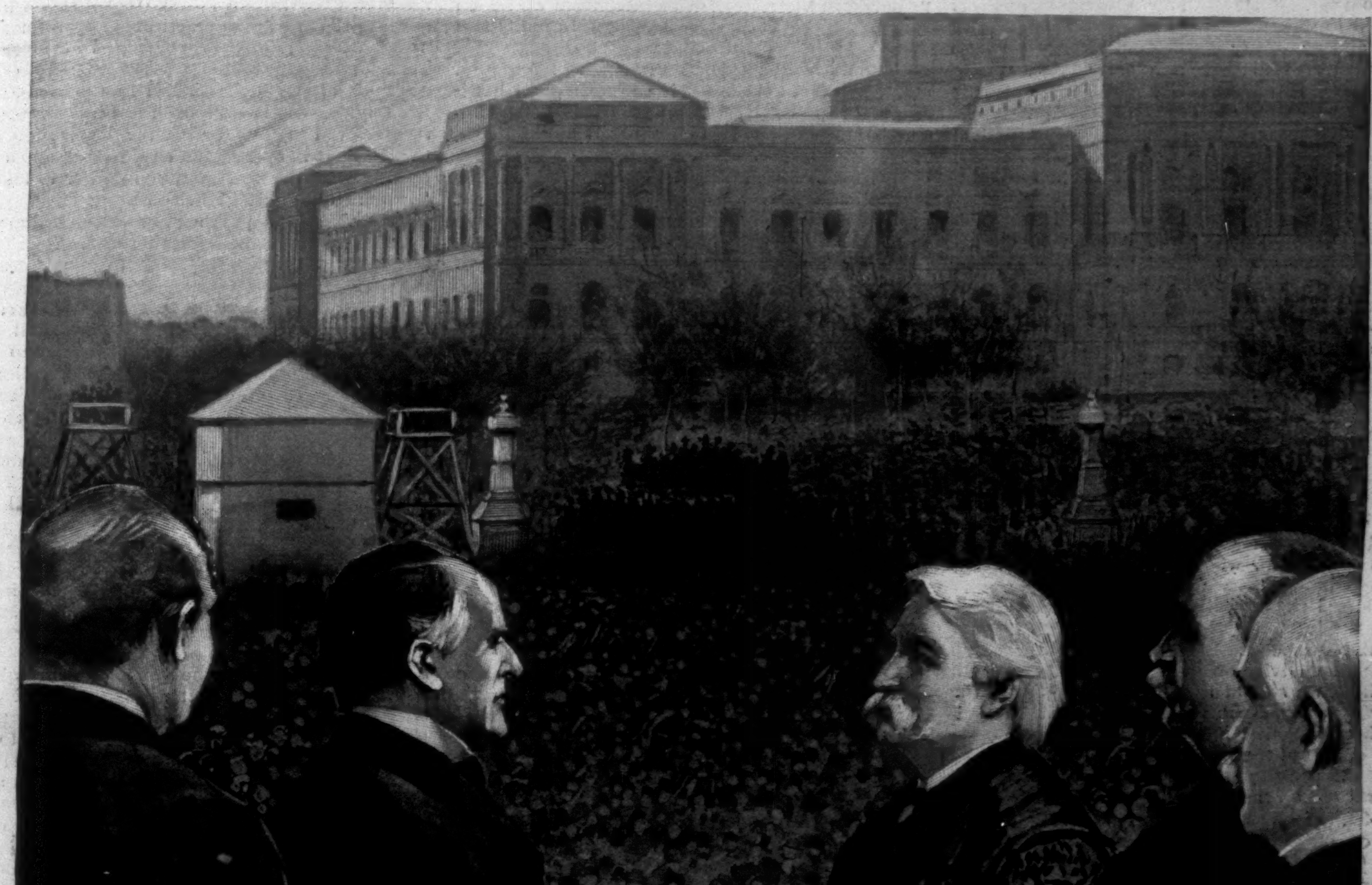
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLI.—No. 2099.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1897.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.
Copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.



THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

Chief-Justice Fuller administering the Oath of Office in Front of the Senate Wing of the Capitol.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 259.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(FORTY PAGES AND ILLUMINATED COVER.)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 13, 1897.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

THE country is undoubtedly hoping for much from Mr. McKINLEY'S administration, and it is inclined to wait patiently. It has been taught to suffer and endure through long years of business depression, and it is prepared to be content with a slow return of the prosperity which was not only expected to follow the defeat of Mr. BRYAN, but which did seem about to appear, when it was halted and turned back by the rumor of an extra session, now assured to us by the new President in his inaugural address.

There is much in that inaugural address which will be heard gladly by the voters who elected Mr. McKINLEY. In the first place, it is evident that to some extent we are to have the benefit of Mr. GAGE'S presence in the cabinet. It may not only be taken for granted that the credit of the government will be maintained, but that the administration will exert its influence so to amend and to reform our currency system that the paper money, which is a constant threat to the Treasury gold reserve, will be retired. The question is as to the willingness and ability of Congress to aid the President. It may be that the new House of Representatives will be better and stronger than the old, but it is certain that the Senate has not been improved in character and capacity. There is no reason to hope for wise counsels from this body, although its majority may be, and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will be, more inclined to submit to the influence of President McKINLEY than were the Democratic Senators to accept the suggestions and advice of President CLEVELAND. On the whole, we should say, however, that with the Senate constituted as at present Congress has neither the disposition nor the ability to enter upon and to carry out the work of currency reform. In view of this unfortunate state of affairs, Mr. McKINLEY'S suggestion that a non-partisan commission be appointed strikes us as eminently wise.

The country will be glad to receive the new President's assurance that under his administration "reforms in the civil service must go on," although his declaration that "the changes should be real and genuine, not perfunctory or prompted by a zeal in behalf of any party simply because it happens to be in power," is somewhat enigmatical. We cannot believe that Mr. McKINLEY meant thus to characterize Mr. CLEVELAND'S extension of the classified service, for that would have been to insult most grossly the retiring President, who was listening to the speech, and who has done more for civil service reform than all other Presidents put together. Moreover, such characterization would have been utterly false, and as Mr. McKINLEY is both an amiable and a truthful man, he cannot have meant this.

Much more hearty and encouraging was the President's endorsement of the arbitration treaty, and the assurances that he gives that he favors the continuance of the foreign policy that has been pursued by President CLEVELAND. He says, "We want no wars of conquest; we must avoid the temptation of territorial aggression." There is not much hope in these words, nor in the rest of Mr. McKINLEY'S remarks on the subject of our foreign relations, either for the Cuban Jingoes or for the Hawaii annexationists. There is no reservation in the endorsement of the arbitration treaty. It sounds quite as much like a reproof of the Senate for its delay as a counsel to prompt action at the coming extra session. And the country will welcome with gratitude the impressive truth that the ratification of the treaty is desirable, "not merely as a matter of policy, but as a duty to mankind." Perhaps the Senate will be more inclined to accept this view of the treaty now that Mr. CLEVELAND is no longer President.

As we have already said, Mr. McKINLEY has at last officially announced, what Mr. HANNA was enabled to announce unofficially some time ago, that there will be an extra session of Congress. The WEEKLY has already expressed its opinion on this subject, and we return to it only to repeat that we believe that Mr. McKINLEY is beginning his administration with a mistake. His plea is that the Treasury is in need of a greater revenue than it is now receiving under the present tariff law, and he proposes a new tariff agitation for the purpose of procuring the needed income. The futility of the proposed experiment is clear when it is recollected that the present tariff law produces more revenue than the law which bore Mr. McKINLEY'S name. Moreover, it is evident from various signs in the political horizon that the new bill is to be prepared rather for the profit of private interests than for the increase of the public revenue, and that such a bill cannot be pushed through the Senate without an arrangement of some kind with the silver Republicans. Mr. McKINLEY has no warrant whatever for the assertion that "nothing has ever been made plainer at a general election than that the controlling principle in the raising of revenue from duties on imports is jealous care for American interests and American labor." This reads as though Mr. McKINLEY had passed the campaign in profound slumber. Not only was this not made plain, but it was not in issue. The people elected Mr. McKINLEY because he was supposed to be opposed to Mr. BRYAN'S views on money, and his majority actually came from men who are opposed to this view of tariff legislation. A high protective tariff law will not only be a pitiful distortion of the victory that was won for sound money, but, in our opinion, it will further delay the restoration of that prosperity of which Mr. McKINLEY'S friends still profess to believe him to be the "advance agent."

The proposed new tariff law will not increase revenue; and it is not an increase of revenue that the country needs so much as economy. Mr. McKINLEY indeed touched upon the necessity for economy, but it was in a gingerly and disheartening manner. He should have pointed out the reckless extravagance that marked the closing hours of the Senate's session—extravagance to which the House was so unwilling to assent that Congress adjourned leaving the deficiency bill in conference, while Mr. CLEVELAND refused to sign three other bills, including the sundry civil bill.

Mr. McKINLEY'S remarks on tariff legislation are as delusive and disturbing as his unmeaning talk of bimetallism, which will only encourage the silver men to renewed activity.

THE DIPLOMACY OF THE SENATE.

THE recent performance of the Senate illustrates the unfitness of that body to participate in diplomatic negotiations. There were newspaper despatches that a Dr. RUIZ, an American citizen, had been murdered. There were newspaper despatches also that Consul-General LEE had resigned because Mr. CLEVELAND would not send war-ships for the protection of American citizens. Perhaps Dr. RUIZ was murdered. There is evidence that Mr. LEE did threaten to resign, and that he withdrew his threat—in other words, that he acted like a hasty Senator, and not like a man who ought to be trusted at this juncture as the representative of this country at Havana. As soon as the Jingo Senators had heard of the suspicion that Dr. RUIZ had been murdered, and had read that Consul-General LEE had lost his head because his demand for warships had not been complied with, they began to demand that JULIO SANGUILY should be pardoned and liberated.

No power gains in diplomacy, in the long-run, unless it conducts its international affairs with the dignity that characterizes and distinguishes real men of business, and hysterical diplomacy like that in which the Jingo Senators indulge is worth nothing but laughter. While MORGAN was blustering, and MILLS was writing resolutions based on no evidence but newspaper rumors; while FRYE was spouting patriotism in "clarion tones"; while LODGE was narrating SANGUILY'S story; and while the ridiculous SULZER—ridiculous, and yet the most logical of them all—was moving a declaration of war—Secretary OLNEY was quietly securing SANGUILY'S pardon. There was never such humiliation visited upon a set of orators as that which Senator GRAY administered to the Jingoes, while their lips were still puffing in the fray, by reading in the open Senate the despatch of Consul-General LEE announcing SANGUILY'S pardon, a pardon that had been practically procured by Secretary OLNEY when the foreign affairs committee adopted unanimously the MORGAN resolution reflecting on the administration's failure to act. And this was known to Mr. SHERMAN, chairman of the committee, several days before the resolution was adopted. What a travesty it made of their efforts to excite war against Spain, and to arouse popular indignation against Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. OLNEY!

There is no one more contemptible than the public man who would disturb the world's peace on the evidence of despatches to daily newspapers, whose publishers are simply desirous of scoring "beats" on one another. There can be no more ineffective diplomacy than that of the busybodies of the Senate. If these marplots persist in their absurd antics whenever international relations are delicate, and should therefore be left most religiously to the Executive and to secret negotiation, they will soon bring the position of this country to the level of that of the traditional barking dog.

PROPOSED RAID ON THE STATE CONSTITUTION.

IT is no longer a secret that the spoilsmen of both political parties are as eager as the lovers of good government to have the Court of Appeals pass speedily and finally upon the question whether the State Constitution means what it says when it declares that so far as practicable appointments to the civil service of the State shall be competitive. The spoilsmen as well as the reformers expect the decisions of the lower courts in the well-known Brooklyn case to be sustained, and it is known that they are waiting impatiently for the decision, so as to try to put in operation a cunningly devised plan for a raid on the Constitution, in order to take the "starch" out of civil service reform.

This plan is to pass a proposed amendment to the Constitution at this meeting of the Legislature and again at the next, and then to submit it to the people for adoption or rejection at the same time that proposed amendments making the charter of the Greater New York fully effective shall come before the people. The spoilsmen hope to have this raid approved in the confusion of voting for amendments by numbers under blind captions on the ballots. They know that rarely is an amendment to the Constitution adopted by the people when proposed separately. They want this amendment submitted with others at the time of a Congressional election, when national issues will come up for discussion, and when the people may be somewhat indifferent to other questions than the approval of the national administration. They count on the heartiest support of the machines of both parties, and they expect in the fall of 1898 to sweep away the barriers to their possession of the minor offices.

The leaders in both the great parties resolutely refuse to face the fact that for more than two decades the independent vote of New York State has decided the elections. Instead of trying to win that support by at least some pretence of virtue, as common-sense would suggest, they insist on alienating it by abuse, trickery, and wilful perversity. First one side and then the other has been chastened sorely, but each steadily ignores the lessons of the voting, and persists in destroying its prospects for lasting success. The leaders are determined that party success, first of all, should mean a raid on the public treasury.

Advocates of good government should be warned that a decision by the Court of Appeals upholding the Constitution, while the present Legislature is in session, will not mean a final settlement of this determination of the spoilsmen to loot the public offices. Good-government advocates must prepare for a contest such as they have never faced before. They must make it plain that the party which is foremost in the undoing of the Constitution shall pay the full penalty in overwhelming defeat at the polls for its defiance of decency and honesty.

Governor BLACK undoubtedly desires the honor of a re-election, and is shaping his political policy to that end. If the voters of the State who care more for good government than for feeding spoils politicians at the public crib should decide to take the "starch" out of Governor BLACK'S ambitions and prospects, probably a great light would dawn on the Republican party managers the following year should the proposed raid on the Constitution be made at that time. By all means, then, let it be so arranged that this raid shall come then, if it comes at all, and at no other time.

A COMMENDABLE INDICTMENT.

IT has long been known that the personal-property tax law in this State is not observed by the assessors and tax-collectors. The failure of the assessors to assess has not been a public scandal only because the public has not realized that this failure to include in the returns the personal property of citizens is an offence against the law and a violation of the assessors' oath of office. The failure to assess personalty has been regarded as an evidence of the failure of the system, but no crime has been imputed to those charged by the law with the violated duty.

Now, however, that public attention has been called to the legal character of this conduct of the assessors, there is likely to be a different popular point of view. Justice KEOGH of the Supreme Court, whose ruling defeating the attempt of the Mayor of Brooklyn to cheat the civil service provision of the Constitution wrought consternation among the politicians, has performed another public service by directing the attention of the Grand Jury to the conduct of the assessors of Westchester County. These amiable and easy-going officials are no worse, perhaps, than the like officials of other counties. But that is no excuse for them. They have failed to make proper returns of personal property with a view to its taxation. In one town, where the assessed value of the realty is nearly $1,500,000, no personalty is assessed. In another, with an assessed valuation of more than $30,000,000 on realty, the personal property is assessed at $30,000, and the assessors swear that they could find only seventeen persons in the town owning taxable personal property. It was clear that the assessors were violating the law and their oaths of office, even before the Grand Jury, by the examination of witnesses, found such to be the case. The result of that examination was the indictment of a large majority of the assessors in the county. Nearly fifty assessors are to be tried for neglect of duty, and are likely to be punished.

This action of the judge and the Grand Jury is most wholesome. In the first place, the general necessity for indictments against town and county officers in this State has long been understood by every one familiar with the manner in which county officers neglect and even refuse to do their duty—how easy it is, with official connivance, for the man with a "pull" to escape not only the performance of his civic duties, but the consequences of his misdemeanors and crimes; how often prosecuting officers and sheriffs connive together for the defeat of justice; and, finally, how taxation is frequently made to bear more heavily on the just than on the unjust. In the second place, it is to be hoped that this episode will not only arouse the official mind to the realization of the danger of violating oaths and statutes, but the legislative mind to the crudity of our system of taxation.

GREECE AND THE POWERS.

TO-DAY all Europe is on its defence before little Greece, and, what is in one way worse, western Europe makes no attempt to brazen it out, but consciously looks sheepish. The British Parliament has in effect promised that the bombardment of Christians in the interest of Turks shall not happen again. The French congratulate themselves that, although the republic is engaged in the "concert," by a lucky chance the French men-of-war were disabled from playing their parts in the bombardment. The Germans are by no means proud that the heroic measure of bombarding the Piræus to restrain the chivalrous impulse of Greece was proposed by their Emperor. As to the Russians we have no authentic means of knowing what they think. A Russian public opinion can scarcely be said to exist. But if a Russian sentiment might be expected to crystallize upon any occasion, the nucleus seems to be furnished by the participation of Russia in the attack upon men who profess themselves not only Christians, but members of the Orthodox Church, and in a strict sense coreligionists of the Russians themselves.

It is gratifying to remark that the German Emperor is restive under the imputation that his own "forth-putting" action in a matter which concerns Germany less than any other of the great powers has a private origin. As is set forth in the semi-official imperial disclaimer, some German journals have intimated, and a great many journals out of Germany have openly assumed, that the Kaiser's motive is spite against his own sister, who displeased him by joining the Greek Church when she espoused the Crown-Prince of Greece. That he was displeased is not denied, but it is announced that his displeasure was transient, and that the action of Germany was taken on public grounds, and with a sole view to maintaining the peace of Europe.

But really it is not wonderful that private motives should be imputed to a ruler who is known to have acted upon such motives in public affairs before, when there are no public motives apparent that would account for his action. Setting aside the contradiction of preserving the peace by an act of war, how would the peace of Europe be disturbed by the success of a Cretan uprising against Turkish rule, or even by the annexation of Crete, with the assent already had of its inhabitants, to the kingdom of Greece? The accession of some 300,000 subjects to Greece would not make her formidable to the peace of Europe. It is no doubt true that if the Cretans and the Greeks together freed Crete from the Turk, the Turk would strive to take his revenge by the invasion of Thessaly. But why should not the interference of the powers begin at that point, and operate to prevent such an invasion? For months the powers have been looking, or have pretended to be looking, for some means of preventing the Sultan from oppressing his Christian subjects in Armenia. Their efforts have been so futile that it is no wonder the Cretans should have disdained to invoke the "concert" to right their wrongs, and should have concluded to be their own vindicators. They have acted in the spirit of the familiar and stirring appeal which BYRON made to the Greeks when they were the victims of Turkish oppression:

> "Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
> Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

The concert of Europe is impotent to free the victims of Turkish misrule, but it now exhibits itself to the people of Europe as able and willing to refasten their chains. In spite of the vague promises about the autonomy of Crete, it is to this that the armed interference at Canea comes at last. But both the Cretans and the Greeks are thoroughly aroused. How will the allied governments deal with the flat refusal of Greece to comply with the summons to evacuate Crete within six days? Suppose Greece declines to withdraw before the withdrawal of the Turkish troops, and thus to leave the Cretans again to the mercy of their oppressors? We know that all Europe and all Christendom would ring with applause at such a refusal, and it is the opinion of Europe that is the true ruler of Europe. Will the official coalition dare to employ force again to coerce Greece, seeing what the popular reception has been of the armed intervention upon which it has already ventured?

THE CITIZENS' UNION.

THE call for the formation of a Citizens' Union, recently issued, to the end of procuring the nomination of suitable candidates for the municipal offices upon a non-partisan platform, has been heartily welcomed by all friends of good government in the city of New York who have the courage of their convictions. Nor can it fail to commend itself to the good sense of every citizen who has a sound conception of his own interests in the community as well as of the requirements of the common welfare. This is the fundamental plank of the platform put forth by the signers of the call: "We demand that the affairs of the city of New York be administered independently of national and State politics, and that local officers be chosen solely with reference to their qualifications. We will nominate no candidate unless his character and record are such as to justify public confidence in his assurance that, if elected, he will not use his office, or permit it to be used, for the benefit of any political organization, but will administer it in all respects in accordance with the principles of this declaration." This is supplemented by the following: "Without calling upon any citizen to surrender in any degree his allegiance to his party, we insist upon an entire separation of municipal government from national and State politics, and we appeal to all good citizens, of whatever party, to unite with us in an organized effort to accomplish the object of this union."

It is hardly necessary to discuss the necessity of such a movement before intelligent and well-informed citizens. Nothing has been more clearly proved by repeated and almost uniform experience than that partisan rule has been the most prolific source of corruption and inefficiency in the governments of the great municipalities in this country, and that in this respect there is very little difference between the Republicans and the Democrats. If it may be said that in the city of New York the abuses complained of fall mainly to the charge of the Democratic party, or rather of the ruling organization in the Democratic party, it may be said with equal truth that wherever in a large city the Republicans wield a heavy majority, as the Democrats do in New York, Republican rule is almost without exception as profligate, arbitrary, and inefficient as Democratic rule has been here. It is needless to point out examples. The two parties, therefore, as to their sins of omission and commission in municipal government, stand substantially on the same level. This is here all the more the case since the development of the PLATT machine, as it grew more powerful, has been distinctly in the line of Tammany principles and practices. Of equal significance is the unquestionable fact that in our present city administration, which was to illustrate non-partisan municipal government, that part of the municipal service in which the non-partisan principle was most strictly adhered to has been conspicuously by far the most successful, while the failures that have occurred in others can be measured almost exactly by the degree in which the non-partisan principle has been disregarded. There could be no object-lesson more striking and conclusive.

But the movement, of which the call for the organization of the Citizens' Union forms the initial part, is confronted, among the very class of citizens who naturally sympathize with its aims, by that kind of timidity which is born of long subjection, and by that inane pessimism which discourages every effort for improvement with the cynical plea that all such endeavors are doomed to failure anyhow, and that it is useless to try. This pessimism, which is only a supercilious form of mental sloth or moral cowardice, has done more to frustrate reformatory efforts in public affairs than direct opposition. Many such efforts which failed would have succeeded had the crowd of pessimistic wiseacres, instead of turning up their noses at them as hopeless, aided them with the vigor and constancy of true men and dutiful citizens. So we hear now that the party machines are too strong to be dislodged; that they command a well-organized and perfectly drilled force, while their opponents have no organization, or at best a very loose one; and that if both the party machines make regular nominations, the non-partisans, acting independently, will have no chance of success on their side. Therefore why go to the useless trouble of fighting? Why not surrender at once?

Talk like this is peculiarly pusillanimous and reprehensible at this moment. Formerly we were told that while national and State elections were held at the same time with those for municipal offices, party spirit ran away with many citizens who otherwise would have been inclined to give their efforts to good municipal government for its own sake, and that thereby the chances of non-partisan movements were grievously impaired. At last the separation of municipal from national and State elections has been effected, for the very purpose of giving non-partisan action at municipal elections a free field. And now, when we have that free field, the good citizens of New York should abstain from taking advantage of it, because the party machines do not, what they were never expected to do—voluntarily lay down their arms, but threaten to continue the fight for their accustomed plunder? Thus to abstain under such circumstances would be self-stultification with a decided flavor of imbecility.

The duty of the public-spirited citizens of New York who are sincere and earnest in their desire for good municipal government seems to be a very plain one. The call for the formation of a Citizens' Union, signed by a large number of respectable persons, many of whom enjoy the confidence of the whole community for uprightness and good faith, furnishes a suitable rallying-point for a strong organization. The work of organizing should be pushed forward without delay, and as soon as the organization is sufficiently representative of the various classes of our population it should proceed to action. What can it do? It can designate candidates for the municipal offices with sole regard to the duties to be performed. It can select for each place a person of whom every fair-minded citizen will have to admit that he is *the* man for the place, and that for the public interest no better choice could be made. It can put these candidates before the people—the earlier the better—appealing to all good citizens to support them for the general good of the community, and then leave the party machines to support or oppose them as they see fit.

It may be said that this would be a bold proceeding; and so it may appear at first sight. But what was the separation of the municipal from the national and State elections designed for, if not for just this kind of action? What will that separation be worth, if, after all, the public-spirited citizens are to wait for the party machines to put before them the old-accustomed choice between evils, and then tamely to accept that choice? Besides, the course of action here proposed is by no means as rash and adventurous as it may look to timid souls. Neither of the two party machines in the city of New York is in a very sanguine state of mind. Both are nervously anxious as to what the future may have in store for them, and there is but little doubt that a bold and determined advance of the non-partisan movement is the thing they fear most. Of this the wails uttered by the spokesmen of the machines when the call of the Citizens' Union came first before the public gave ample evidence. That the non-partisan movement, too, will have to meet its dangers is not denied. But the greatest of these dangers would be a lack of courage in its own conduct.

CARL SCHURZ.

MARK A. HANNA, SENATOR FROM OHIO.

THE WARWICK OF THE ADMINISTRATION.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury. — President McKinley. — John Sherman, Secretary of State. — Joseph McKenna, Attorney-General. — John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy. — James A. Gary, Postmaster-General. — Cornelius N. Bliss, Secretary of the Interior. — James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture. — Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS CABINET.—DRAWN BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

THE McKINLEY CABINET.

Among those whom President McKinley has called to his counsels as heads of departments, Hon. John Sherman stands forth most prominently, alike from the importance of his function and his remarkable public career.

He was the eighth out of a family of eleven children, junior by three years to General W. T. Sherman, and was born at Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823. He was educated in the common schools, but a mind insatiate of knowledge compensated for lack of advantages. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar on his majority. He made sufficient reputation for ability and force of character to be elected to Congress at the age of thirty-two, and thus in 1855 he entered the career of which he was never to let go. He was one of the committee sent to investigate the Kansas-Nebraska imbroglio, and he made the majority report on that subject, which startled the country.

A candidate for the Speakership in 1859, he was unsuccessful through a curious accident not directly related to the struggle; but he was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and thus the leader of the House. Two years later he was elected United States Senator, and has served in this capacity to the present time, four years of cabinet service excepted.

During the war Senator Sherman was one of the ablest supporters of Mr. Lincoln's war and civil policy. He took a prominent part in the formulation of the Reconstruction policy, though not an extremist. But it was not until the second Grant administration that his mental idiosyncrasy signalized him above other men in connection with the resumption of specie payments. It was his commanding ability and knowledge which prepared the way, beat down opposition, and won converts; his the authorship of the bill; his the generalship of the preliminary battles in which the Greenback party organized to defeat the successful enforcement of the bill; his the administration of the Treasury which made resumption so magnificent a success in 1879. The selection of Senator Sherman by President Hayes for the Treasury Department was logical. He had taken the van in the financial agitation which stirred the politics of the period, and his influence was great in effecting the nomination of Mr. Hayes. As financial secretary Mr. Sherman made a monumental record, with which can only be compared those of Chase and Hamilton. The unsuccessful candidacy in three different conventions for the Presidential nomination was a fate which Sherman has shared with others of our great men.

The appointment of Lyman J. Gage, the president of the First National Bank of Chicago, to the Treasury Department, appears to have been guided by the theory that one who has been so conspicuously successful as a financier in business would display equal talent at the head of the national treasury.

Born in De Ruyter, New York, of old New England stock, June 28, 1836, the early life of Mr. Gage was that of many other successful Americans, a hard struggle with environment. He began to earn his own support at fifteen, and, among various positions which he held as a callow youth, he learned the rudiments of the profession in which he was to become a leader in the Oneida Central Bank, which he entered at the age of eighteen. A year afterwards he migrated to Chicago, which was to become his battle-ground of achievement. With his eyes fixed on the banking profession, and his mind active in maturing the theory of its complex problems, he did what best he could, till he made a connection with the Merchants' Savings, Loan, and Trust Company. Here he remained till 1868, rising to the position of cashier, when his growing reputation as a banking expert won for him the proffer of the same position in the First National Bank. That his reputation was becoming national in financial circles was shown by the fact that this very year he was elected president of the American Bankers' Association, which honor fell to him three successive terms. In 1891 he was made president of the bank, after having performed its real functions for several years.

Mr. Gage was a leader in the fight for the location of the World's Columbian Exposition. He was chairman of the Washington Committee, one of the three who pledged $10,000,000 on behalf of the city, and first president of the Exposition Company. He was president of the Bankers' Section of the World's Congress, and there is scarcely a great success in the administration and results of the great fair with which his name is not inseparably connected.

Mr. Gage, for several years, was president of the Civic Federation, and wielded a potent influence in enforcing its aim alike on the political and social sides. He is considered to be in sympathy with measures of radical banking reform.

The new Secretary of War, ex-Governor Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, is of New England ancestry, born in Medina County, Michigan, in 1835. With the death of its bread-winner, when young Alger was thirteen years old, the family was left destitute. As in the case of so many other prominent men, the civil war started Alger in his career of success. He was made Captain in the Second Michigan Cavalry in 1861, Philip H. Sheridan being in command of another company. Alger fought gallantly during the whole struggle, participating in some sixty battles and skirmishes, under the commands of Sheridan, Kilpatrick, and Custer. He received several wounds, and at the close of the war was brevetted Major-General for "gallant and meritorious service during the war."

As a civilian he entered the lumber business again, and by his enterprise and sagacity he acquired a large and controlling interest in this pursuit, which extended beyond Michigan to other States. In 1884, when his State was in the political grip of the Democrats and Greenbackers, he became the Republican candidate for gubernatorial honors, and was elected by the largest Republican vote ever cast in Michigan, the only civil office he ever held, till his recent appointment as Secretary of War.

Judge Joseph McKenna, of the United States Court of California, appointed Attorney-General, is a personal and political friend of the President, having been associated with him in the formulation of the McKinley tariff. President Harrison made him a Federal Judge in 1892, while in Congress serving his fourth term. He was taken to the Pacific coast from his native Philadelphia in 1855, as a child, and after graduation from St. Augustine College, Benicia, California, he studied law and was admitted to the bar. After serving one term as District Attorney, he was sent to the Legislature in 1875, where he delivered a notable speech on the bill creating the State Board of Railway Commissioners, which made his name widely known. Twice unsuccessful in running for Congress, he was afterwards elected four times successively.

The new Postmaster-General, James A. Gary, of Maryland, has never held political office before, though active in politics, and a delegate to every national convention since 1872. He has also been an unsuccessful candidate for Congress and for the Governorship of his State. Born at Uncasville, Connecticut, in 1833, his family moved to Maryland in his boyhood, and he was graduated at Allegheny College, Pennsylvania. He speedily entered into business in Baltimore with his father's firm, of which he arose to be the head, and became connected with various successful enterprises and corporations. He was for several years president of the Merchant and Manufacturers' Association, and is vice-president or director in a dozen different institutions. During the war Mr. Gary was an ardent Unionist, and since the war has been a devout Republican.

To continue the effective work of Whitney, Tracy, and Herbert demands a man of first-rate capacity in the Navy Department, and such, there is reason to think, the new President has found in ex-Governor John D. Long, of Massachusetts, one of the foremost citizens of a great State. Born at Buckfield, Maine, October 27, 1838, he entered Harvard College at the age of fourteen, and was graduated class poet, and second in general scholarly standing. For a short period principal of a school, he studied law, and began practice in Boston in 1862. He rose steadily at the bar, entered the State Legislature in 1875, and was candidate for Speaker in 1876. Three years later he was elected Governor, and continued to hold the office for two more terms, defeating General B. F. Butler in both canvasses. Subsequently he was elected to the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, and Fiftieth Congresses. Pending his last election he had been an unsuccessful candidate for the Senate. Secretary Long has lived at Hingham, Massachusetts, for many years, and though devoted to the practice of the law, when not engaged in political duties he has found time to devote a good deal of leisure to literary work, for which he has developed a notable talent. He is the author of a delightful translation of Vergil's Æneid, and has published a volume of poems, mostly in the direction of *vers de société*.

The name selected to represent New York in the new cabinet is Cornelius N. Bliss, one of its best-known citizens, who has been appointed the head of the Department of the Interior. His sixty-three years have brought him eminent success as a man of business. He has had manifold opportunities of political office, but has always preferred to be a power behind the throne. To his credit it may be said he has always been on the side of honest politics. Born in Fall River, Massachusetts, he came to New York early in life, and identified himself with the dry-goods trade, becoming finally the head of Bliss, Fabyan, & Co. As a politician he has been the most pugnacious opponent of Platt and his organization. Mr. Bliss has frequently been a delegate to county and State conventions, and was chairman of the Chamber of Commerce committee that went to Chicago to urge the nomination of President Arthur in 1884. He is a member of the leading city clubs, art associations, and scientific societies, and in all respects a foremost man in social and business life. His appointment seems to indicate that the President holds himself entirely aloof from the influence of the New York State political machine and its Senatorial representative.

Hon. James Wilson, of Iowa, who will succeed Secretary Morton at the head of the Agricultural Bureau, is not only a man of experience in matters of legislation, but a theoretical and practical farmer. Now sixty-two years of age, and a Scotchman by birth, he came to the United States in 1851. He received an academic education, served in the State Legislature for six years, twice as Speaker, and sat in the Forty-third, Forty-fourth, and Forty-eighth Congresses. In the national legislature he was a special champion of agricultural interests, though highly respected as a scholar of encyclopedic knowledge. An incident which made Mr. Wilson greatly honored was his magnanimity in surrendering his claim in a case of contested election, when it was necessary to clear the deck to push through the bill placing the dying Grant on the retired list of the army.

MUSIC and DRAMA

The cold-weather portion, much the longer one, of the official season of "Italian, French, and German opera" at the Metropolitan is already fallen into historical perspective. Mr. Grau, that suave but careworn Papageno, is in Chicago with less than a full cage of birds. It will be more comprehensive to talk of what he and they have done for us when the supplementary nights of April are all sung out. Between now and then various odds and ends, even more ups and downs, of the history may easily come to notice, and need to be sorted into a review. That there will be no after-season, as report has lately been a-gossiping, is scarcely a likely addition to the curious and jarring chronicle of the Metropolitan's winter. Nevertheless, blue moons have been common, month by month, since November, and the opera has so suffered from cruel planetary influences that it is not wise to say "yes" or "no" to any prophets, provided their ideas are free from ill will. Of that there has been a good deal—lamentably so. Never has a local opera season here been as rich in mere rumors, in statements that were garbled misstatements, in the talk of clubdom and tea-room, in wilful misapprehensions and personalities. Unwelcome surprises to the management and to the public, broken or altered contracts with singers, wrangles and correspondence based on personal points of view, illness, and sudden death itself, all have to be written into the chronicle of the Metropolitan Opera-House for 1896-7. Let us hope that with the vanishing of the snow and the coming of our swift and early spring-time we shall have two or three weeks of Mr. Grau's artists singing to us under serener conditions of a farewell until 1898-9.

Change is said to bring luck. Mr. Walter Damrosch and his company of German singers possess the Opera-House and the city's opera-going public for nearly a month. This is as it should be. The concord of sweet sounds is a great deal more agreeably managed when there is concord between managers. That Box and Cox arrangement between Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Grau that obtains so harmoniously this season, as well as all the other mutual privileges entering into their *modus vivendi*, deserves a general all-hail—almost a descriptive symphony. It certainly must be a great managerial convenience to speak as one passes by. It must be handy to be at one end of the land when the rival troupe is at the other end of it; to be able to borrow a hall or a soprano quite as if asking for a match or a quarter; to discuss almost amicably the treasons and stratagems of singers; and to divide what, it is to be feared, are not too large managerial spoils. Mr. Damrosch's repertory is at present set for between sixteen and twenty nights and the usual complement of afternoon performances. As have been favored his preceding seasons, this one is under the auspices and special subscription of the local Wagner Society. Mr. Damrosch's repertory, to be sure, is a sadly old matter with us in its sticking to Wagnerian works, now known by heart in this city, to a perceptible loss of their peculiar savor and interest. It is to be suspected that our bootblacks whistle *Tristan*, and that stevedores know a leading motif from a handsaw in any wind. But there will be some curiosity to hear the only unfamiliar opera announced, the *Mataswintha* of Xaver Scharwenka—yet a novelty in Germany, except in Weimar, where it met with success. Some characteristic fragments of Scharwenka's turbulent score (built on Felix Dahn's novel, *The Battle for Rome*) have been sung here in concert, under the composer's direction. Mr. Damrosch has a company much the same as last year's. The important additions are Madame Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch, Miss Ella Russell—also associated with Mr. Grau—and the Messrs. Ernest Kraus, the Berlin tenor, and Paul Kalisch: and as this article goes to press the announcement is made that Madame Nordica is under formal engagement to Mr. Damrosch for several performances, a bit of news that all the town will applaud—a most shrewd stroke of business, and a delicate spice to the personal interest of the season. Much is promised of the revival of *Rheingold* as a spectacle, in accordance with the Baireuth illusions and contrivances there for picturing the green Rhine depths and the swimming nixies, whose imbecile but pleasing "Weia, waga, wagala, weia," has not been warbled in the Metropolitan since the last official German season. Mr. Damrosch also has arranged for a series of talks on the intricacies of the Wagnerian music-dramas, to be delivered at the Waldorf on six mornings of this month, with a distinguished subscription audience.

Moreover, thanks to the coming of the German singers, a special performance of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* will be given on next Tuesday evening, in the Metropolitan Opera-House, for the benefit of an excellent local charity under German care and patronage—The Working-man's School and District Nursing Department, located in West Fifty-fourth Street. Mozart's opera, which, all things considered, is perhaps the most exquisitely musical opera yet committed to paper even by the author of *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro's Wedding*, has suffered much neglect here. It has been unhonored and unsung season by season, not a little owing to the impresarios' usual ideas of it as not worth putting into repertory unless some more or less phenomenal singer can undertake the part of the intriguing Queen of the Night in her black robes, cloud-chariot, and thunders, and with her air "Gli angui inferno" in its original key, with the famous G in the highest. If what the announcement calls a masterpiece's "revival" can assist it to more than a single performance in a dozen years or so, well and good for Mozart, even more than for the charity concerned.

It would be difficult to say whether the performance of Daudet's remarkable drama of *Midi* rural life and passion, *L'Arlésienne* (which may be called in English "The Girl of Arles"), is to be more a dramatic or a musical occasion. Daudet's play elicited from Georges Bizet a quantity of incidental music of the most characteristic kind. Only bits of it have been given here, concert-wise in suites, or as a portion of the ballet numbers in *Carmen*—also the case with some extracts from Bizet's *The Fair Maid of Perth*. In an admirable study of Bizet, personal and musical, crowded into a small book by M. Camille Bellaigue, there occurs a special reference to the *Arlésienne* partition, and to the weak and careless first performance of the music in the Paris theatre bringing out the play. As M. Bellaigue shows, the play was debatable enough in itself; nobody paid attention to the orchestra or music, and the public mind remained quite unaware of the fact that a small masterpiece of one of the most brilliant of modern French musicians was before their ears, along with the gloomy tragedy of a young farmer's love and death. The play itself is curious, painful, and has withal a strange and uncanny psychologic hint in the fact that the half-developed mind of one brother in the household flashes into life and vigor just as comes the suicide of the older son in the family. The heroine is not "the girl of Arles" herself; she is never seen during the drama. The unhappy peasant's mother, another and younger woman, and an old shepherd are the active personages. Bizet outdid himself in the alternate subtlety and incisiveness of his music, an integral element of the piece, almost scene by scene. It is not always given in the occasional use of the drama in French theatres.

The course of special lectures lately organized in connection with the new Musical chair in Columbia University will offer, during the remainder of this month and in April, the following programme of speakers, topics, and dates:

March 15, "Analysis of Timbre," Prof. William Hallock.
March 22, "Development of Opera," Mr. Philip Hale.
March 29, "Church Music," Prof. H. W. Parker.
April 5, "The Utility of Music," Mr. Henry T. Finck.
April 12, "Musical Analysis," Dr. Henry G. Hanchett.
April 19, "Musical Form; its Origin and Development," Mr. Dudley Buck.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

THIS BUSY WORLD

There are several items of interest from Chicago. The winter in that town seems to have been marked by very great and unusual distress among men out of work. Photographs of Chicago police stations, taken at night in the latter part of January, show their cages packed full of lodgers, lying on the floor just as close together as they could be squeezed. In one such station at that time were 136 homeless lodgers; in another, 316. Most of these vagrants are said to be decent men out of work.

Another phase of want appears in the case of the Chicago woman who, in the dearth of more satisfactory avenues of investment, is credited with having spent $50,000 on a dress which she wore at the opening night of the opera. Poor woman! The men who sleep in the police stations will doubtless get work presently and be happy again, but the intellectual destitution of a woman who spends $50,000 on a dress is probably incurable. What makes this lady's case the sadder is the report that she gives away half her income as it is, and that her outbreak in the costliest gown Chicago ever saw is an incident of a desperate effort to have some fun with the rest. It naturally suggests itself that she might have given a ball, but she lives in a hotel, knows few people, and doubtless has neither the physical strength nor the audacity to give a stunning entertainment. Ball-giving is by no means a universal remedy for fiscal plethora.

They have passed a law in Chicago directing women to take their hats off in the theatre, and the Chicago papers report good results from it. A still more recent restrictive ordinance, dealing with another contemporary evil, prohibits the sale of cigarettes within 200 feet of a school-house, requires dealers in cigarettes to pay $100 annually for a license, and provides for the inspection by a health commissioner of all cigarettes sold.

A story printed in the New York *Herald* on March 1, to the effect that the University of Chicago has been running behind $250,000 a year, that it still lacks about $10,000,000 of an adequate endowment, that President Harper had served notice on his trustees that unless he could have money enough to run the institution on the lines originally planned he would quit, and that Mr. Rockefeller had poured Standard Oil on the troubled waters and would double the university's endowment, was promptly characterized by President Harper as erroneous. "False in every particular," he said it was, which seemed to imply rather the absence of a design on Mr. Rockefeller's strong-box than the failure of an attempt.

No spot of the earth is so likely as Chicago to be agitated by the intelligence that New York is about to possess the most stunning hotel on the earth. It is the commodious brick edifice on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, variously known at different stages of its growth as the New Astor, the Schermerhorn, and the Astoria. It *is* big. Any one can see that; but not every one knows the details of it. They say that it cost $5,000,000; that there is steel, iron, and stone enough in it and its adjunct, the Waldorf, to build three Brooklyn Bridges; that the combined hotels will hold 1500 millionaires at once and give each a separate room; that they will employ 1000 servants, and their running expenses will be $10,000 a day; and that no structure ever built for permanent human habitation equals them in extent. They don't say where the money is coming from to make this fine new tavern pay, and to support at the same time Delmonico's and Sherry's further up the street; nor do they suggest that the effect of the new combination on other New York hotels seems likely to be similar to the effect of the department stores on the small shops.

If the name of the new hotel is still unfixed, why not call it the Mastordon. It is a euphonious name, impressive, individual, and descriptive.

There can hardly be a New York author more venerable than Mr. Theodore Sedgwick Fay, who is reported to be living in Berlin at the mature age of ninety. Mr. Fay joined George P. Morris and N. P. Willis in the control of the *Mirror* in 1828, and though he went abroad not very long after, he continued his connection with his paper for a number of years as its European correspondent. In 1837 he became Secretary of Legation at Berlin, a place he continued to hold until 1853, when he became Minister to Switzerland. Since 1861, when he retired from this latter post, he has lived in Berlin. *Norman Leslie*, his best known novel, was published in 1835. His latest work is a history of Germany, published some years ago. Washington Irving's *Crayon Sketches* was dedicated to him.

It is a great exploit for a New York man of letters to recognize the precise moment when the instinct of self-preservation begins to cry to him to rise up and go to live in some slower place. Mr. Fay seems to have heard the voice of *his* instinct at about the age of twenty-four, and doubtless it is largely due to his prompt acquiescence that he has been able to spread his experience of life over nine-tenths of the nineteenth century. If he should return to New York he would find the town much changed, and it is not impossible that he might congratulate himself on detaching himself in good time from so progressive a community.

It is matter for remark that out of 174 men of the Yale class of 1896 who have reported their present occupation, only five are studying theology. That is only about three per cent., though among the 101 members of the class who were not heard from the proportion of theological students may be greater. Twenty-five years ago about twelve per cent. of the Yale graduates studied for the ministry; fifty years ago, twenty-five per cent.; seventy-five years ago, forty per cent. The pulpit seems to be losing its attraction for Yale men. Perhaps it is because they are in haste to be rich, like all the rest of us, but it is not unlikely to be the evidence of a hesitation to choose a profession in which one's mind is expected to stay made up, and in which one's personal conduct is expected to square not only with one's conscience, but with the consciences, variously trained, of a majority of one's congregation. Disinclination to enter the ministry should not in these days be thought to imply a dearth of piety or lack of interest in religion. It can be amply accounted for on other grounds.

There seems to be no surer way of getting into hot water nowadays than to propose that a statue of some deceased person shall be erected somewhere on public land. The American people is aroused on the subject of its public statues, and no one need hope to run one up on any moderately conspicuous site in a civilized part of the country without having its merits as a work of art and its propriety as a monument thoroughly sifted and discussed. It is an excellent thing that we have attained to a condition of such solicitude on such a subject. Through it we may possibly lose some statues that would have been worth having, but this possible loss will be more than made up to us by the prevention of monuments which we should come to deplore.

There has lately been contention in the State of Connecticut over the proposal of a body known as the Stowe Memorial Committee to erect a memorial statue of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe on the grounds of the Capitol at Hartford. The proposal includes a proposition that the State of Connecticut shall appropriate $5000 towards the cost of the statue, and a bill for that purpose is now before the Connecticut Legislature. The committee has had a model made by a sculptor, whose identity has not yet transpired, which has been on exhibition in the Capitol building. The Rev. Charles Stowe, Mrs. Stowe's son, has discussed the project with candor, and not altogether with approval. He does not deny the right of any persons who will to erect a monument to Mrs. Stowe anywhere they may, except at her grave. There, he says, he and his sisters feel that they have exclusive privileges, but "as to monuments or statues elsewhere," he says in a letter to the Hartford *Courant*, "all such undertakings are regarded by them with indifference, tinctured slightly with apprehension." Since he has seen the model of the statue proposed, his apprehension is somewhat allayed, and he does not oppose its erection, but it does not appear that he has withdrawn his opinion, previously expressed, that there are better ways of doing honor to Mrs. Stowe's memory than by a statue. "The ordinary bronze statue," he thinks, should be regarded as a terrible penalty, to be inflicted only on great offenders against society, like Adam, Captain Kidd, or Benedict Arnold, and though the proposed Stowe statue seems not to be ordinary, it does not seem to have availed to wean him from the opinion that Mrs. Stowe's memory would be more appropriately honored by something done to promote the education of Southern negroes.

By far the most belauded of authors in this present day of doubt, disparagement, and degeneration is Rudyard Kipling. Different critics estimate him differently, but not even the hardiest of them ventures on any general denial of his powers. Mr. Howells, after reading his latest book of verse, calls him the laureate of the larger England. His poem "An American" must have given him exceeding satisfaction in the making, and whatever the reader's sentiments about it, some of that satisfaction is pretty sure to attend the reading.

A Boston contemporary thinks that the record in *Captains Courageous* of the progress of Harvey Cheyne's special train from San Diego to Boston is the biggest thing Kipling has done in prose. To call it "rattling good" would not be inaccurate, for the rattle never slackens. It is a curious, and doubtless in some respects a significant, thing that the greatest two contemporary British story-tellers, one with an undying love of Scotland, the other with an unmatched enthusiasm for imperial England, should both have married American women, lived in America, written American stories, and formed such close relations of business with this country that we cannot help feeling a sense of part ownership in them. The same is true, though in a much less degree, of du Maurier, in that though he lived and worked in England all his life, as a writer he was discovered and brought out in America. There must be something about this country besides its size, and something about its people besides their money.

The disposition of assessors to make college property a source of public revenue seems to be becoming epidemic in New England. The sore trials of Yale with the assessors of New Haven have led to lawsuits which are not yet settled. Massachusetts courts have decided that Williams must pay taxes on dwelling-houses occupied by employés of the college, and that has made the Cambridge assessors hopeful of squeezing something out of Harvard. It seems, however, that the Harvard charter is very broad and gives great privileges, and the Cambridge authorities are not over-sanguine of beating it.

Blondin, *nomen clarum*, died in England on February 22, aged seventy-three. It was in 1860 that he crossed Niagara Falls on a rope, to the admiration of the Prince of Wales and other spectators. He was at the head of his profession, and one recalls only one man who stretched a rope in America in the decade before the war whose fame is greener than his.

The value of the famous Hertford collection of pictures, furniture, jewelry, armor, porcelains, miniatures, costumes, and miscellaneous second-hand effects offered by the will of the widow of the late Sir Richard Wallace to the English nation is variously estimated at from seven to seventeen millions. So far as appears at present, the collection of pictures, which is of remarkable scope and interest and prodigiously valuable, will go to the National Gallery, while the disposition of the other things depends on Parliament, the condition of the gift being that a building should be furnished to keep it in. Sir Richard Wallace, as the newspapers have been reminding us, was the natural son of the fourth Marquis of Hertford, from whom he inherited the Hertford collection as it was then, and all the money his father could leave him, said to have been about £3,000,000. Sir Richard lived in Paris, enjoyed himself according to his tastes and opportunities, and was one of the notables of his generation in Europe. It will be remembered that when the reminiscences of *An Englishman in Paris* came out some years ago and made a stir, Sir Richard Wallace was supposed for a time to have been its author. He is described as a collector of astonishing erudition and discernment, who was always able to pay for anything he wanted. He left no heirs. Before his death he offered the collection to the English people on condition that it should be kept in Hertford House. As that property was a leasehold, the gift was declined, and was then left to the widow. She was a French woman, the daughter of an army officer. She was married to Sir Richard in 1870, when he was fifty-two and she was fifty. Her name was long ago crossed off the Queen's visiting-list for some reason, and her disposition of the collection in spite of that slight is thought to have been especially magnanimous.

The automotive has appeared in the streets of New York. It is a rare sight still, and people pay attention when it passes. Pedestrians stop and gawk at it. Street-car passengers rise and look out of the windows. No one hesitates to show interest. Several of the new-fangled vehicles are in circulation, and each, so far as observed, usually carries at least one woman. They don't seem to excite either rivalry or apprehension in horses. One was seen the other day to pass a horse attached to a dray standing for the moment unattended on Fifth Avenue. It made the necessary détour to get by, and passed under the horse's nose within a yard of him, but he paid no attention. It appears not to be contrary to any city ordinance to ride in automotives on Sunday, and that is as yet the favorite day for airing them.

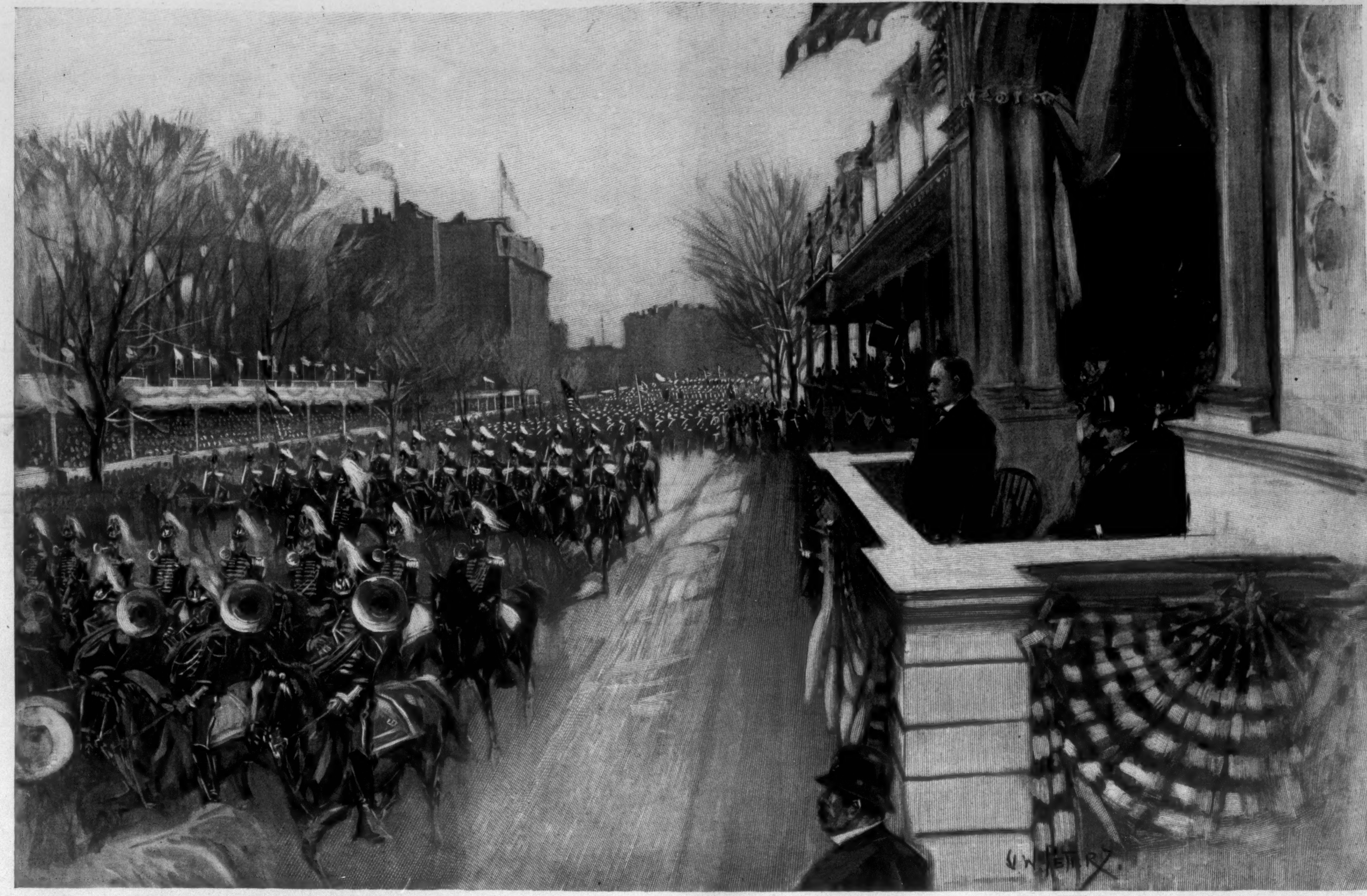
Mr. William E. Tefft sends the **Weekly** an amusing account of a farce that had a short but highly successful run in a New York theatre in days long gone. He relates that when a young man he went to the first-night performance of a little play called *This House to be Sold*, at Burton's New Theatre, on Broadway opposite Bond Street. It was to be the second play of the evening. After an intermission of fifteen minutes the orchestra played, the little bell (customary in those days) was rung, and the curtain rose about two feet—far enough for the audience to see that there was confusion of some sort—when the little bell rang again, and the curtain rolled down. Mr. Vincent, the manager, pulled the curtain aside and approached the foot-lights, and informed the audience that Mr. Charles Walcott, who was cast for one of the principal parts, had been to a dinner and had not put in an appearance at the theatre, and, he regretted to say, was not in a presentable state. He said that, not wishing to disappoint the audience, the play would proceed if the audience would permit him to read Mr. Walcott's part, and hear "*Hamlet* without Hamlet." He had hardly left the foot-lights when Mr. Walcott appeared, frock-coat, high hat, and light overcoat thrown over his arm; he informed the audience that he had a part in the new play, that his time to be at the stage door was ten o'clock. Taking out his watch, he said, "You will see, I am on time"; but he explained that on arriving at the theatre he was astonished to hear that Mr. Vincent was in front of the curtain apologizing for him, and that he had stated that he was not in a presentable condition. He added that he had been the Public Servant for years, and he thought that in justice to himself it was necessary to come before the curtain, that they, the public, could judge of his condition. Withdrawing, he added that the play would then proceed. Loud cries from all parts of the house ensued for Burton, who, after a while, appeared and made a characteristic speech, talking a good deal, but saying little. He was about to retire, when an old gentleman (Mark Smith) who occupied the left-hand second-tier box with a young lady (Mrs. Mark Smith), presumably his daughter, addressed himself to Mr. Burton, saying: "Mr. Burton, I am an old New-Yorker, and have been a regular attendant at first-night performances" (here his daughter interrupted him by saying, "Don't, pa," which of course pleased the audience), "and I have never seen so disgraceful a performance—never. I am astonished that you should allow anything of the kind." Mr. Burton remained on the stage, and was about to leave, when Mr. John Brougham, in the lower box, arose and appealed to the audience by saying that he was the author of the play; that he had given the manuscript to Mr. Burton with the understanding that it was to have a fair representation, and he asked the audience if they deemed this a fair representation. He also asked if they did not consider him justified in demanding the return of the manuscript. Mr. Burton had something to say in reply, and ended by saying that now the play would go on. The orchestra played, the bell rang, the curtain went up, and there in a line stood Messrs. Vincent, Walcott, Burton, Mark Smith and Mrs. Mark Smith, and Brougham. Mr. Brougham advanced a few steps, made one of his memorable speeches, and ended by informing the audience that by all this apparent misunderstanding "the house *had* been sold." The theatre had been packed by the minor actors, whose duty was to excite the audience by pounding on the floor with canes, clapping hands, and calling for Mr. Burton and others. "I remember," adds Mr. Tefft, "that Mr. Morris sat near me, and kept up a great pounding with his cane. Of course the play could not run, and two or three nights ended it, as the fun was all gone when the public found out the plot."

Another arctic expedition, for which plans are afoot, is proposed by Doctor Nathorst, a Swede, who wants to go to the east coast of Spitzbergen and explore that island and King Karl's Land, which lies very near. There has always been rivalry between the Swedes and Norwegians in arctic exploration, and Nansen's exploit has stirred the Swedes up and made the adventurous ones restless.

A small yacht of twenty tons displacement is being built for Doctor Nansen, on the same lines as the *Fram*, for use in a trip to Spitzbergen to search the coast for a favorable starting-point for another expedition. To the cost of this yacht was devoted the money received from the sale of stores which came back in the *Fram*, and which were disposed of at auction in Christiania at high prices to enthusiastic Scandinavians who wanted relics of the famous voyage to the north.

Two tickets to the Nansen meeting on February 8 at Albert Hall in London were advertised for sale in the *Daily Graphic* at five guineas each. The inference that tickets to a hall holding 10,000 people were marketable, or at least offerable, at that price, gives an idea of the fever of interest in Nansen and his voyage which has possessed the English.

E. S. Martin.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING THE INAUGURAL PROCESSION FROM THE STAND IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 259.]

JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XIV.

JEROME'S mother never knew about the rent in his father's best coat, nor the fight. To do the boy justice, it was not consciously from cowardice nor deceit that he kept it from her. It was more from magnanimity. "It will just work her all up if she knew 'Lisha Robinson made fun of father's best coat, and it's tore," Jerome told Elmira, who nodded in entire assent.

Elmira sat up in her cold chamber until long after midnight, and darned the rent painfully by the light of a tallow candle. Then it was a comparatively simple matter, when one had to deal with a woman confined to a rocking-chair, to never give her a full view of the mended coat tail. Jerome cultivated a habit of backing out of the room, as from an audience with a queen. The sting from his wounded pride having been salved with victory, he was unduly important in his own estimation, until an unforeseen result came from the affair.

There are many surprising complications from war, even war between two schoolboys. One night, after school, Jerome went to Cyrus Robinson's for a lot of shoes which had been promised him two days before, and was told there was none to spare. Cyrus Robinson leaned over the counter and glanced around cautiously. It was not a busy time of day. Two old farmers were standing by the stove, talking to each other in a drone of extreme dialect, almost as unintelligible, except to one who understood its subject-matter, as the notes of their own cattle. The clerk, Samson Loud, was at the other end of the store, cleaning a molasses-barrel from its accumulated sugar. "Look-a-here," said Cyrus Robinson, beckoning Jerome with a hard crook of a seamed forefinger. The boy stood close to the counter, and uplifted to him his small, undaunted, yet piteously wistful face.

"Look-a-here," said Cyrus Robinson, in a whisper of furtive malice, leaning nearer, the point of his shelving beard almost touching Jerome's forehead; "I've got something to say to you. I 'ain't got any shoes to spare to-night; an', what's more, I ain't going to have any to spare in future. Boys that fight 'ain't got time enough to close shoes."

Jerome looked at him a moment, as if scarcely comprehending; then a sudden quiver as of light came over him, and Cyrus Robinson shrank back before his eyes as if his counter were a bulwark.

"I s'pose if your big boy had licked me 'cause he made fun of my father's coat, instead of me lickin' him, you'd have given me some more shoes," cried the boy, with the dauntlessness of utter scorn, and turned and walked out of the store.

"You'd better take care, young man," called Cyrus Robinson in open rage, for the boy's clear note of wrath had been heard over the whole store. The two old farmers looked up in a dull astonishment as the door slammed after Jerome, stared questioningly at the storekeeper and each other, then the thick stream of their ideas returned to its course of their own affairs, and their husky gabble recommenced.

Samson Loud raised his head, covered with close curls of light red hair, and his rasped red face out of the molasses-barrel, gave one quick glance full of acutest sarcasm of humor at Cyrus Robinson, then disappeared again into sugary depths, and resumed his scraping.

Jerome, on his homeward road, did not feel his spirit of defiance abate. "Wonder how we're going to pay that interest-money now? Wonder how mother'll take it?" he thought; yet he would have fought 'Lisha Robinson over again, knowing the same result. He had not yet grown servile to his daily needs.

However, speeding along through the clear night, treading the snow flashing back the full moonlight in his eyes like a silver mirror, he dreaded more and more the meeting his mother and telling her the news. He slackened his pace. Now and then he stood still and looked up at the sky, whence the great white moon rode through the hosts of the stars. Without analyzing it, the boy felt the utter irresponsiveness of all glory and all heights. Mocking shafts of moonlight and starlight and frost-light seemed glancing off this one little soul in the freezing solitude of creation, wherein each is largely to himself alone. What was it to the moon and all those shining swarms of stars, and that far star-dust in the Milky Way, whether he, Jerome Edwards, had shoes to close or not? Whether he and his mother starved or not, they would shine just the same. The primality—even ludicrousness—of the sorrow of man, as compared with eternal things, was over the boy. He was maddened at the sting and despite of his own littleness in the face of that greatness. Suddenly a wild impulse of rebellion, that was almost blasphemy, seized him. He clinched a puny fist at a great star. "Wish I could make you stop shinin'," he cried out, in a loud, fierce voice; "wish I could do somethin'!"

Suddenly Jerome was hemmed in by a cloud of witnesses. Eliphalet Means, John Jennings, and Colonel Lamson had overtaken him as he stood star-gazing. They were on their way to punch and cards at Squire Merritt's. Jerome felt a hand on his shoulder, and looked up into John Jennings's long, melancholy countenance, instead of the shining face of the star. He saw the eyes of the others surveying him, half in astonishment, half in amusement, over the folds of their camlet cloaks.

"Want to make the star stop shining?" queried John Jennings, in his sweet drawl.

Jerome made no reply. His shoulder twitched under Mr. Jennings's hand. He meditated pushing between these interlopers and running for home. The New England constraint, to which he had been born, was to him as a shell of defence and decency, and these men had had a glimpse of him outside it. He was horribly ashamed. "S'pose they think I'm crazy," he reflected.

"Want to stop the star shining?" repeated John Jennings. "Well, you can."

Jerome, in astonishment, forgot his shame and looked up into the man's beautiful cavernous eyes.

"I'll tell you how. Don't look at it. I've stopped nearly all the stars I've ever seen that way." John Jennings's voice seemed to melt into infinite sadness and sweetness, like a song. The other men chuckled but feebly, as if scarcely knowing whether it were a jest or not. John Jennings took his hand from Jerome's shoulder, tossed the wing of his cloak higher over his face, and went on with his friends. However, when fairly on his way, he turned and called back, with a soft laugh, "I would let the star shine, though, if I were you, boy."

"Who was the boy?" Colonel Lamson asked the lawyer, as the three men proceeded.

"The Edwards boy."

"Well," said John Jennings, "'tis an unlucky devil he is, call him what you will, for he's born to feel the hammer of Thor on his soul as well as his flesh, and it is double pains for all such."

Jerome stood staring after John Jennings and his friends a moment; he had not the least conception what it all meant; then he proceeded at a good pace, arguing that the sooner he got home and told his mother and had it over, the better.

But he had not gone far before he saw some one else coming, a strange nondescript figure, with outlines paled and blurred in the moonlight, looking as if it bore its own gigantic and heavy head before it in outstretched arms. Soon he saw it was his uncle Ozias Lamb, laden with bundles of shoes about his shoulders, bending forward under their weight.

Ozias halted when he reached Jerome. "Hullo!" said he; "that you?"

"Yes, sir," Jerome replied, deferentially. He had respect for his uncle Ozias.

"Where you goin'?"

"Home."

"'Ain't you been to Robinson's for shoes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where be they, then?"

Jerome told him.

"I ain't surprised. I knew what 'twould be when I heard you'd fit 'Lisha," said Ozias. "You hit my calf,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

you hit me. It's natur'." Ozias gave a cynical chuckle; he shifted his load of shoes to ease his right shoulder. "'Lisha's big as two of you," he said. "How'd ye work it to fling him? Twist your feet under his shin, eh?"

Jerome nodded.

"That's a good trick. I larnt that when I was a boy. Well, I ain't surprised Robinson has shet down on the shoes. What ye goin' to do?"

"Dun'no'," replied Jerome; then he gave a weak childish gesture, and caught his breath in a sob. He was scarcely more than a child, after all, and his uncle Ozias was the only remaining natural tower to his helplessness.

"Oh Lord, don't ye go to whimperin', big man like you!" responded Ozias Lamb, quickly. "Look at here—" Ozias paused a moment, pondering. Jerome waited, trying to keep the sobs back.

"Tell you what 'tis," said Ozias. "It's one of the cases where the sarpents and the doves come in. We've got to do a little manœuverin'. Don't you fret, J'rome, an' don't you go to frettin' of your mother. I'll take an extra lot of shoes from Cy Robinson; he can think Belinda's goin' to bind—she never has—or he can think what he wants to; I ain't goin' to regulate his thinkin'; an' you come to me for shoes in future. Only you keep dark about it. Don't you let on to nobody, except your mother, an' she needn't know the whys an' wherefores. I've let out shoes before now. I'll pay a leetle more than Robinson. Tell her your uncle Ozias has taken all the shoes Robinson has got, and you're to come to him for 'em, an' to keep dark about it, an' let her think what she's a mind to. Women folks can't know everything."

"Yes, sir," said Jerome.

"You can come fer the shoes and bring 'em home after dark, so's nobody will see you," said Ozias Lamb further.

So it befell that Jerome went for the work that brought him daily bread, like a thief, by night, oftentimes slipping his package of shoes under the way-side bushes at the sound of approaching footsteps. He was deceitfully reticent also with his mother, whom he let follow her own conclusion, that Cyrus Robinson had been dissatisfied with their work. "Guess he won't see as much difference with this work as he thinks he does," she would often say, with a bitter laugh. Jerome was silent, but the inborn straightforwardness of the boy made him secretly rebellious at such a course.

"It's lyin', anyhow," he said, sulkily, once, when he loaded the shoes on his shoulder, like a mason's hod, and was starting forth from his uncle's shop.

Ozias Lamb laughed the laugh of one who perverts humor, and makes a jest of the bitter instead of the merry things of life.

"It's got so that lies are the only salvation of the righteous," said Ozias Lamb, with that hard laugh of his. Then, with the pitilessness of any dissenting spirit of reform, who will pour out truths, whether of good or evil, to the benefit or injury of mankind, who will force strong meat as well as milk on babies and sucklings, he kept on, while the boy stood staring, shrinking a little, yet with young eyes kindling to the bitter frenzy of the other.

"It's so," said Ozias Lamb. "You'll find it out for yourself, in the hard run you've got to hoe, without any help, but it's just as well for you to know it beforehand. You won't get bit so hard—forewarned's forearmed. Snakes have their poison-bags, an' bees have their stings; their ain't an animal that don't have horns or claws or teeth, to use if they get in a hard place. Them that don't have weapons have wings, like birds. If they can't fight, they can fly away from the battle. But human beings that are good, and meek, and poor, and hard pushed, they hain't got any claws or any wings; though if they had 'twouldn't be right to use 'em to fight or get away, so the parsons say. They 'ain't got any natural weapons. Providence 'ain't looked out for them. All they can do, as far as I can see, is to steal some of the devil's own weapons to fight him with."

It was well that Jerome could not understand the half of his uncle's harangue, and got, indeed, only a general impression of the unjust helplessness of a meek and righteous man in the hands of adverse fate, compared with horned and clawed animals, and Ozias's system of defence did not commend itself to his understanding. He did not for a moment imagine that his uncle advised him to lie and steal to better his fortunes, and, indeed, nothing was farther from the case. Ozias Lamb's own precepts never went into practice. He was scrupulously honest, and his word was as good as a bond. However, although Ozias had never told a lie in his life, he had perpetrated many subtleties of the truth. He was wily and secretive. "A man ain't a liar because he don't tell all he knows," he said.

On asking for more shoes from Cyrus Robinson, then, with more correct principles, he had said nothing about his wife's working upon them, but he knew that was the inference, and he did not contradict it. He forbade Belinda to mention the matter in one way or another. "The sarpent has got to feed the widows an' the orphans," he said, "an' that's a good reason for bein' a sarpent."

As Ann and Elmira did most of their work on the shoes during the day, Jerome fell into the habit of doing his part, the closing, in his uncle's shop at night. Every evening he would load himself with the sheaf of bound shoes and hasten down the road. He liked to work in company with a man, rather than with his mother and Elmira; it gave him a sense of independence and maturity. He did not mind so much delving away on those hard leather seams while his mates were out coasting and skating, for he had the sensation of responsibility—of the head of a family. Here he felt like a man supporting his mother and sister; at home he was only a boy, held to his task under the thumb of a woman.

Then, too, his uncle Ozias's conversation was a kind of pungent stimulant—not pleasant to the taste, not even recognizable in all its savors, yet with a growing power of fascination.

Ozias Lamb's shoemaker's shop was simply a little one-room building in the centre of the field south of his cottage house. He had in it a tiny box-stove, red-hot from fall to spring. When Jerome, coming on a cold night, opened the door, a hot breath scented with dried leather rushed in his face. Within sat his uncle on his shoemaker's bench, short and squat like an Eastern idol on his throne. His body was settled into itself with long habit of labor, his mind with contemplation. His high bald forehead overshadowed his lower face like a promontory of thought; his eyes, even when he was alone, were full of a wise condemning observation; his mouth, indeed, always in a set smile at the bitter humor of things. The face of this elderly New England shoemaker looked not unlike some Asiatic conceptions of a deity.

Jerome always closed the door immediately when he entered, for Ozias dreaded a draught, having an inclination to rheumatism, and being also chilly, like most who sit at their labor. Then he would seat himself on a stool, and close shoes, and listen when his uncle talked, as he did constantly when once warmed to it. The little room was lighted by a whale-oil lamp on the wall. On some nights the full moonlight streamed in the three windows athwart the lamp-light. The room got hotter and closer. Ozias now and then, as he talked, motioned Jerome, who put another stick of wood in the stove. The whole atmosphere, spiritual and physical, seemed to grow combustible, and as if any moment a word or a thought might cause a leap into flame. A spirit of anarchy and revolution was caged in that little close room, bound to a shoemaker's bench by the chain of labor for bread. The spirit was harmless enough, for its cage and its chain were not to be escaped or forced, strengthened as they were by the usage of a whole life. Ozias Lamb would deliver himself of riotous sentiments, but on that bench he would sit and peg shoes till his dying day. He would have pegged there through a revolution.

Jerome's eyes would gleam with responsive fire when his uncle, his splendid forehead flushing and swelling with turbid veins, said, in that dry voice of his, which seemed to gain in force without being raised into clamor: "What right has one man with the whole purse, while another has not a penny in his pocket? What right has one with the whole loaf, while another has a crumb? What right has one man with half the land in the village, while another can hardly make shift to earn his grave?"

Ozias would pause a second, then launch out with new ardor, as if Jerome had advanced an opposite argument. "Born with property are they—inherited property? One man comes into the world with the gold all earned, or stolen—don't matter which—waiting for him. Shoes all made for him, no peggin' for other folks; carpets to walk on, sofas to lay on, china dishes to eat off of. Everything is all complete; don't make no odds if he's a fool, don't make no odds if he 'ain't no more sense of duty to his fellow-beings than a pig, it's all just as it should be. Everybody is cringin' an' bowin' an' offerin' a little more to the one that's got more than anybody else. It's 'Take a seat here, sir—do; this is more comfortable,' when he's set on feather cushions all day. There'll be a poor man standin' alongside that 'ain't had a chance to set down since he got out of bed before daylight, every bone in him achin'—stiff. There ain't no extra comfortable chairs pointed out to him. Lord, no! If there happens to be the soft side of a rock or a plank handy he's welcome to take it; if there ain't, why let him keep his standin'; he's used to it. I tell ye, it's them that need to where it should be given, and not them that's got it all already. I tell ye, the need should always regulate the supply.

"I tell ye, J'rome, balance-wheels an' seesaws an' pendulums wa'n't give us for nothin' besides runnin' machinery and clocks. Everything on this earth means somethin' more'n itself, if we could only see it. They're symbols, that's what they be, an' we've got to work up from a symbol that we see to the higher thing that we don't see. Most folks think it's the other way, but it ain't.

"Now, J'rome, you look at that old clock there; it was one that b'longed to old Peter Thomas. I bought it when he broke up an' went to the poorhouse. Doctor Prescott he foreclosed on him 'bout ten years ago—you don't remember. He had his old house torn down, an' sowed the land down to grass. I s'pose I paid more'n the clock was worth, but I guess it kept the old man in snuff an' terbacco a while. Now you look at that clock; watch that pendulum swingin'. Now s'pose we say the left is poverty—the left is the place for the goats an' the poor folks that poverty has made goats; an' the right is riches. See it swing, do ye? It don't no more'n touch poverty before it's rich; it don't get time to starve an' suffer. It don't no more'n touch riches before it's poor; it don't have time to forget, an' git proud an' hard. I tell ye, J'rome, it ain't even division we're aimin' at; we can't keep that if we get it till we're dead; it's—balance. We want to keep the time of eternity, jest the way that clock keeps the time of day."

Jerome looked at the clock, and the pendulum swinging dimly behind a painted landscape on the glass door, and never after saw one without his uncle's imagery recurring to his mind. Always for him the pendulum swung into the midst of a cowering throng of beggars on the left, and into a band of purple-clad revellers on the right. Somehow, too, Doctor Seth Prescott's face always stood out for him plainly among them in purple.

Always, sooner or later, Ozias Lamb would seize Doctor Prescott and Simon Bassett as living illustrations and pointed examples of the social wrongs. "Look at them two men," he would say, "to come down to this town; look at them. You've heard about cuttle-fishes, J'rome, 'ain't ye?"

Jerome shook his head, as he drew his waxed thread through.

"Well, I'll tell ye what they be. They're an awful kind of fish. I never see one, but Belinda's brother that was a sailor, I've heard him tell enough to make your blood run cold. They're all head an' eyes an' arms. Their eyes are big as saucers, an' they're made just to see things the cuttle-fishes want to kill; an' they've got a hundred arms, with suckin' claws on the ends, an' they jest search an' seek, search an' seek, with them dreadful eyes that ain't got no life but hate an' appetite, an' they stretch out an' feel, stretch out an' feel, with them hundred arms, till they git what they want, an' then they lay hold with all the suckers on them hundred arms, an' clutch an' wind, an' twist an' overlay, till, whether it's a a drownin' sailor or a ship, you can't see nothin' but cuttle-fish, an'—"

Jerome stopped working, staring at him. He was quite pale. His imagination leaped to a glimpse of that frightful fish. "An'—what comes—then?" he gasped.

"The cuttle-fish—has got a beak," said Ozias. "By-an'-by there ain't nothin' but cuttle-fish."

Jerome saw quite plainly the monster writhing and coiling over a waste of waters, and nothing else.

"Look at this town, an' look at Doctor Prescott, an' look at Simon Bassett," Ozias went on, coming abruptly from illustration to object, with a vigor of personal spite. "Look at 'em. You can't see much of anything here but them two men. Much as ever you can see the meetin'-house steeple. There are a few left, so you can see who they be, like Squire Merritt an' Lawyer Means; but, Lord, they'd better not get too careless huntin' and fishin' and card-playin', or they'll git hauled in, partridges, cards, an' all. But I'll tell you what 'tis—about all that anybody can see in this town is the eyes an' the arms of them two men, a-suckin' an' graspin'.

"Doctor Prescott, he's a church member, too, an' he gives tithes of his widders an' orphans to the Lord. That meetin'-house couldn't be run nohow without him. If they didn't have him to speak in the prayer-meetin's, an' give the Lord some information about the spiritooal state of this town on foreign missions, an' encourage Him by admittin' He'd done pretty well, as far as He's gone, why, we couldn't have no prayer-meetin's at all."

Most of us have our personal grievances as a vantage-point for eloquence in behalf of the mass. Simon Bassett had deprived Ozias Lamb, by shrewd management, of the old Lamb homestead; Doctor Prescott had been instrumental in hushing his voice in prayer and exhortation in prayer-meeting.

The village people were not slow to recognize a certain natural eloquence in Ozias Lamb's remarks; oftentimes they appealed to their own secret convictions; yet they always trembled when he arose and looked about with that strange smile of his. Ozias said once they were half scared on account of the Lord, and half on account of Doctor Prescott. Ozias was often clearly unorthodox in his premises—no one could conscientiously demur when Doctor Prescott, a church meeting having been called, presented for approval, the minister being acquiescent, a resolution that Brother Lamb be requested to remain quiet in the sanctuary, and not lift up his voice unto the Lord in public unless he could do so in accordance with the tenets of the faith, and to the spiritual edification of his fellow-Christians. The resolution was passed, and Ozias Lamb never entered the door of the meeting-house again, though his name was not withdrawn from the church books.

Therefore the cuttle-fish was a sort of circean revenge upon Doctor Prescott and Simon Bassett for his own private wrongs. It takes a god to champion wrong which has not wronged him in his farthest imaginings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INAUGURATIONS AT WASHINGTON.

The accession to power of a new ruler has among all races and from time immemorial been made occasion for the display of pageantry and for rejoicing and festivity. It furnishes a natural opportunity for a people recognizing common ties and one allegiance to give expression to the sentiments that bind it together, take cognizance of its own prowess, and gain fresh realization, in loyalty pledged anew to its executive head, however constituted, of its own unity and stature amongst the nations of the earth. Probably no greater exhibition of power, glittering pomp, and military splendor and display, has ever been seen than at the recent coronation of the Czar at Moscow. When we threw off monarchical institutions and took on the garb of republican simplicity, there remained, even with those most extreme in their democratic views, a recognition of the fact that a certain amount of ceremonial was proper, even indispensable, when magistrates chosen by the people assumed their responsibilities, and the inauguration of Washington was conducted in as dignified and stately a manner and with as much display as the prevailing conditions admitted of. His first induction into office took place in New York, and could have been little different, time and place considered, had it been a coronation. At the second, in Philadelphia, he was dressed in black velvet, with sword and diamond shoebuckles, there was an extensive civic and military parade, and when he alighted from his chariot there were gentlemen with white wands to make way for him through the pressing throngs. It is interesting to note that at Washington's second inauguration began the custom of having an inaugural ball, the invitation to which read as follows:

A CARD.

The members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States are respectfully invited to a ball on the 4th of March, 1793, to be given by the Dancing Assembly in honor of the unanimous re-election of George Washington, the President of the United States, the anniversary of the present form of government of the United States, and a parting leave with the members of the present Congress.

John Adams was also inaugurated at Philadelphia, with much the same ceremonial display as Washington, and moved to the new capital in 1800, where the archives of the government, packed in seven large boxes, soon followed him.

Jefferson was the first President who took office there, March 4, 1801. Five years before that, a young Englishman, Mr. Thomas Twining, travelling in this country, made his way from New York to Georgetown by the tedious methods of the time, and writing home from there, gives an account of his visit to Washington. He says: "Leaving my portmanteau to be forwarded in the course of the day, I set out for Washington, situated lower down the Potomac, in the territory of Columbia, the name given to the portion of land ceded by the contiguous States of Maryland and Virginia for the construction and convenience of the new metropolis. Having crossed an extensive tract of level country, somewhat resembling an English heath, I entered a large wood, through which a very imperfect road had been made, principally by removing the trees, or the upper parts of them, in the usual manner. After some time this indistinct way assumed more the appearance of a regular avenue, the trees having been cut down in a straight line, although no habitation of any kind was visible. I had no doubt but I was now riding along one of the streets of the metropolitan city. I continued in this spacious avenue for half a mile, and then came out upon a large spot cleared of wood, in the centre of which I saw two unfinished buildings, and men at work on one of them. Advancing and speaking to these workmen, they informed me that I was in the centre of the city, and that the building was the Capitol. Looking from where I now stood, I saw on every side a thick wood pierced with avenues in a more or less perfect state." Washington had laid the corner-stone of the Capitol two years before, with Masonic ceremonies. The

sylvan path Mr. Twining followed ran along the line of Pennsylvania Avenue, and the scene he describes as he looked from the site of the Capitol had changed very little in 1801, when Jefferson took the oath the first time. The Senate wing of the Capitol was nearly finished and was occupied; the House side was roughly covered in, and the Representatives were meeting there. The White House stood in a recent clearing, and had a temporary roof, and there were scattered here and there in the half-drained marsh, grown up with alder bushes, that intervened between the two buildings, a few houses, most of them partly finished. Jefferson had expressed disapproval of the ceremonial pomp at the inauguration of his predecessors, but the story that he went on horseback unattended to the Capitol and tied his horse to the paling is untrue. Had we been bystanders on that March morning we should have seen him, tall, spare of figure, rather carelessly dressed in brown with a red waistcoat, loose sandy hair, keen gray eyes, and intelligent countenance, emerge from a boarding-house which had been built near the Capitol, and, surrounded by a few friends, start on foot for the Senate-Chamber. A militia company from a neighboring State falls in behind him, and makes the best way it can through stumps and over the broken ground of the clearing. Arrived at the door of the Senate, there is a short pause, when the party enters. The Supreme Court and a few ladies are present. The Houses stand, and Jefferson walks quietly to the desk, where Chief-Justice Marshall administers the oath to him. Then Aaron Burr, who has just taken his seat as Vice-President, rises and gives him his chair; he sits for a moment between Burr and Marshall, and then stands and begins his address. After it is finished, with a few political friends—for party feeling runs so high that the opposition stand aloof, and John Adams had departed at early dawn, unwilling to witness the triumph of his rival—he walks quietly back to his boarding-house, takes his usual seat at the table, and Jeffersonian simplicity has begun. His second inauguration was conducted in an equally quiet and unceremonious fashion in the Senate-Chamber on March 4, 1805, Chief-Justice Marshall, whom he probably disliked more than any man in public life, again swearing him in.

If now we could take our stand at some central point on Pennsylvania Avenue, which previous to Madison's assumption of office, in 1809, had become a passable highway, and suppose that all the inaugural processions which have marched over it from that time till now were to pass, without intervals of time or breaks of line between them, we might have, with some knowledge of the attendant incidents of an inauguration, a very good idea in living pictorial form of the change and progress of the country, and we should see most of the great men of its early period who made it, and all those later ones who have added to its renown and helped to save it, as part of the parade or mingling in the ceremonies. March 4, 1809, Washington has grown to be a straggling village of 5000 inhabitants, and Pennsylvania Avenue, cleared of trees and bushes, shows a wide roadway, along which Mr. Jefferson has caused to be planted rows of Lombardy poplars, which are beginning to be noticeable. The town is astir early, and by ten o'clock pretty much the whole population is on the Avenue—ladies always with escort, of whose arms they never let go, men and boys eagerly expectant, and numerous slaves passing to and fro, the women, with bright turbans, carrying burdens on their well-poised heads. Ten thousand strangers, most of them from the adjoining States, throng the streets. There is a sound of bugles, and along the muddy road comes a squadron of cavalry, well mounted and equipped, wearing Continental uniforms, and escorting a carriage, in which we recognize the keen, smooth-shaven face and slight figure of James Madison. He wears a wig, a cocked hat, ruffles, and smallclothes, and beside him sits Jefferson. They are respectfully greeted as they pass, but without special enthusiasm. Following the immediate cavalcade are a number of carriages and a few civic societies. As they pass on, the crowd falls in behind, and all move to the Capitol. The Senate-Chamber is crowded by the members of both Houses, noticeable among whom are Rufus King, Pinckney, and John Randolph, and a few ladies are seated on sofas at the back. John Marshall administers the oath, and the usual address follows, after which there is a general reception at Taylor's Hotel, and a ball in the evening, at which Mistress Dolly Madison presides. She had conducted the social affairs of the White House during Mr. Jefferson's term at his request, and established an undisputed ascendency by her beauty, tact, and charm.

Four years later almost the same scenes were re-enacted, except that Madison rode alone. The crowd and the escort varied but little, and the ceremonies at the Capitol and the subsequent festivities were nearly identical. Mrs. Seaton, who was present on this occasion, says, in a letter to a friend: "The little man, on his return to the Palace, was accompanied by the multitude; for every creature that could afford twenty-five cents for hack hire was present. The major part of the reputable citizens offered their congratulations, ate his ice-cream and bonbons, drank his madeira, made their bow, and retired, leaving him fatigued beyond measure with the incessant bending (shaking hands had not come in) to which politeness urged him, and in which he never suffered himself to be eclipsed, returning bow for bow, even to those *ad infinitum* of M. Serrurier, the French minister."

At Monroe's advent, in 1817, conditions had somewhat changed. The Capitol had been burned, and was not yet rebuilt. Accompanied by Madison, whom in figure and dress he resembled, a company of marines, and the Georgetown Rifles, a handful of Alexandria militia, and a concourse of citizens, he was driven in an open carriage to Congress Hall, a temporary structure, where both Houses joined the procession, and they all went to the Capitol. There, on a portico built in front of it for the purpose, the oath was again administered by Marshall, and the address delivered. About him, a distinguished group, were his cabinet, among them Crawford, Wirt, Calhoun, and John Quincy Adams; and standing by, in their vigorous prime already conspicuous among their colleagues, were Webster and Clay. After the address the President returned to the White House, where, as had grown to be the custom, a public reception was at once given, almost a part of which, so nearly did they come together, was the ball at night.

Monroe's second inauguration seems to have been in all respects like the first, except that on account of rain it took place in the hall of the House, which had been restored.

Four years later, in 1825, Monroe, who kept the old style of dress, rode to the Capitol with John Quincy Adams, who was in plain black, a short stout figure, showing a bald head as he rather stiffly raised his hat. He had been elected by the House after a long struggle with Jackson. The parade retained its local color and characteristics, though it had grown somewhat with the slow growth of the city. The ceremonies took place in the House of Representatives, where were present the diplomats and the Supreme Court, and where afterwards Jackson, to Mr. Adams's apparent embarrassment, offered his congratulations. At the White House reception refreshments, including fruits and wine, were handed about on trays by servants in livery, and at the receptions later on the East Room was thrown open to dancing—something unheard of in this generation.

March 4, 1829: "The great clock of time, whose hours are epochs, had struck." The day of the people had come, and immense crowds gathered, chiefly from the South and West, to welcome their hero and deliverer. Jackson, tall, erect, soldierly, superbly mounted, surrounded by veterans, rode through pressing throngs all the way to the Capitol. For the first time there began to appear military companies and political organizations from a distance, and the parade far exceeded in numbers anything that had gone before it. At the Capitol the approaches to the east front were so densely packed that the party could hardly force their way through, and as the old soldier climbed up the steps all hats went off and repeated cheers greeted him. As soon as he finished speaking, the crowd made a headlong rush for the White House, and literally took possession from top to bottom. It was their day, their man, and their house. Jackson himself was crowded against the wall so that he couldn't stir, till a party of gentlemen surrounded and rescued him. Judge Story, who was present, writes: "The reign of King Mob seemed triumphant. I never saw such a mixture. The President was visited by immense crowds of all sorts of people, from the highest and most polished down to the most vulgar and gross in the nation." Pailfuls of punch were upset everywhere, the crockery and glass were all smashed, and relief was only had by the stewards carrying tubs of punch into the garden, where the thirsty and enthusiastic crowds followed, and order was restored. In 1833 there was a still greater gathering; but Demos, accustomed to rule, showed a little more self-control and decorum. On account of rain all the ceremonies took place in the House of Representatives, where the President was sworn in for the second time by Chief-Justice Marshall, who had inducted into office every President since Washington, and who now performed that duty for the last time. Jackson took the Speaker's chair, and when he rose the whole assemblage, made up as on previous occasions, cheered him.

What may be called the Revolutionary era of the republic and of inaugurations ended with Jackson, and a new era, that of expansion and growth and the antislavery contest, began. Down through the first period many of the founders of the government had been prominent, and society and its observances had been dominated very much by the stately ways and fixed traditions of royalty. The White House was called "the Palace," and receptions there were "drawing-rooms." Mrs. Seaton, who arrived in Washington in Mrs. Madison's time, writes that she was unable to go to a ball to which she had been invited because she had not been "presented at the Palace." When she was presented she says: "Her Majesty's appearance was truly royal—dressed in a robe of pink satin trimmed elaborately with ermine, a white velvet and satin turban, with nodding ostrich plumes and a crescent in front, gold chains and clasps around her waist and wrists. 'Tis here the woman who adorns the dress, and not the dress that beautifies the woman."

The old style of dress had pretty much disappeared with the coming of Jackson, and a great change was apparent throughout the social realm. The rough, rude energy of a new generation, which had broken away from the settlements on the coast, and been felling forests and fighting Indians in the West, and which cared nothing for the ways of society, became a controlling force in the government for the time being, and greatly modified social observances and official ceremonial. Nevertheless, the old inaugural parade was kept up, for the people love shows always, and when Van Buren came to power in 1837 he rode with Jackson to the Capitol in a carriage made for the occasion out of wood from the frigate *Constitution*, followed by the longest procession ever seen on such an occasion; for railroads had now begun to make comparatively easy the transportation of large bodies of men over long distances. It was a sunny day, and the great people swarmed about the eastern portico, where Chief-Justice Taney for the first time administered the oath.

William Henry Harrison, unaccompanied by Van Buren, mounted on a white charger and surrounded by a military staff, started from the house of Colonel Seaton and headed a numerous cavalcade to the Capitol. In the line was a log cabin on wheels, drawn by thirteen white horses. The houses along the way had begun to be decorated with flags, and there was great enthusiasm. The oath was again administered by Taney on the eastern portico, and a long address followed.

Polk came in in a pouring rain, and there was little display, though a great crowd, quite like that of Jackson, was present, and social differentiation began to show itself, evidenced by a ball at Carusi's at $10 per ticket, and one at the National Theatre at $5.

The coming of General Taylor, known as "Old Zach," in 1849, drew immensely; there were said to be 20,000 people present. He went to the Capitol in a barouche, with four white horses, accompanied by President Polk, Speaker Winthrop, and Mayor Seaton.

The inaugurations of Pierce and Buchanan, in 1853 and 1857, with growing crowds, were very similar in their general features to Polk's and Taylor's. Each was accompanied by his predecessor in office; both were sworn in by Taney at the east front; the concourse present and the processions were almost exactly alike, and the usual social functions followed.

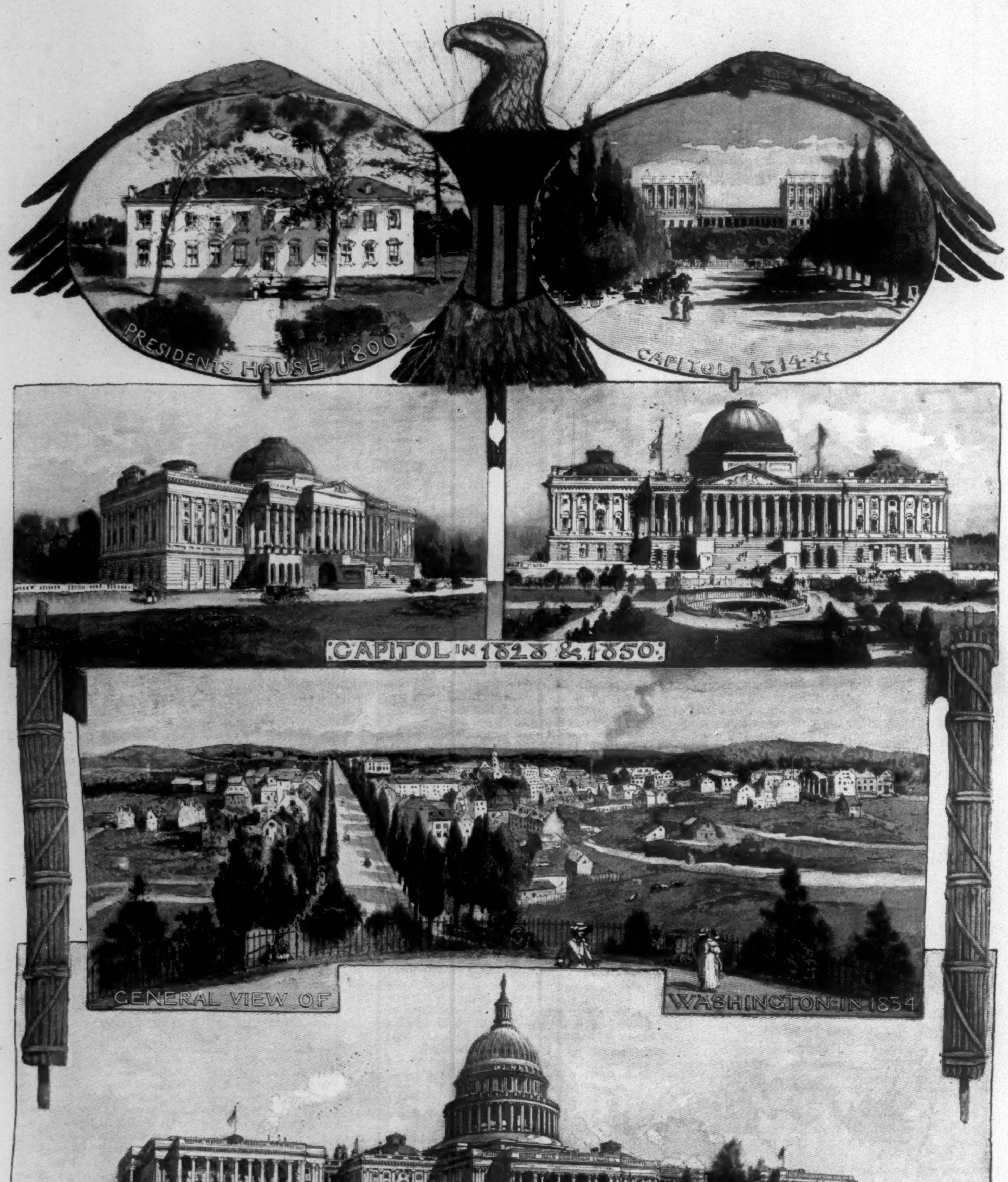
With Buchanan's administration closed the second era, and Lincoln brought in the present—the one which still continues. His inauguration, while attended with the usual pageantry, was full of anxiety and foreboding. Every military precaution was taken, and on the houses along the Avenue were stationed sharp-shooters. No greater contrast could be imagined than between Lincoln and Buchanan as they rode side by side, the broad and ineffective expansiveness of the one, stout, precise, and gray, and the shrewd, patient will-power and reserve force of the other, rugged, angular, and in the prime of manhood. The crowd was tremendous, and the air electric with intense expectancy. Taney, venerable and broken, swore in his last President, and the great throng listened eagerly to the address. Ominous and full of trouble as were the times, it was thought best not to omit the attendant festivities, and they were gone through with as usual.

The programme for the 4th of March, 1865, when the new Chief Justice, Salmon P. Chase, swore in Mr. Lincoln for his second term, differed only in minor details from that of four years previous. There was more military show, and a new and significant feature was the presence of civic and military organizations composed of negroes. The third and present era was in full swing, and when Grant came it was a complete reflection of the new order of things. Before we come to his inauguration let us take a look at Pennsylvania Avenue. No other street is so closely associated with the history of any government as it is with ours. Washington traversed it when it was but a woodland path; John Adams made his way in state through its stumps and bog-holes; Jefferson set out trees along its line when the city site had been stripped of forest; and every other President with his varying escort has passed along it to assume his office. It has seen more such pageantry than any street in the world, and measured by it, goes back to a venerable antiquity. With Mr. McKinley's, twenty-four inaugurations have taken place here; and twenty-four coronations in England, with their corresponding show and ceremonial, would take us back to the reign of Edward III., in the fourteenth century.

Past its few and scattered houses in 1814 fled our routed forces from Bladensburg, with the exultant redcoats in close pursuit, and with the Capitol bursting into flames at one end of it and the White House soon to follow at the other. Down its sombre length, covered like a pall with emblems of grief, passed the funeral cortége of Abraham Lincoln, no head covered and no heart unmoved of all the vast multitude that gathered to mourn his tragic end. Along its dusty highway tramped, with the swinging step that had carried them from Atlanta to the sea, Sherman's gallant, indomitable men of the West, looking bronzed and hardy as Indians, and all elate with victory. Up through its thronging thousands, too, came the grand old Army of the Potomac, war-worn veterans who for years had been the bulwark of the capital, but all with elastic tread and soldierly bearing as they were greeted with welcoming shouts, their tattered flags fluttering in the summer wind. Never since history began has such an army, having fought voluntarily and consciously for a great and noble cause, made so joyous holiday for any capital as when it trod in triumphant home-coming along Pennsylvania Avenue. Slowly over its smooth pavement, on a hot September morning, no other vehicle and no street car visible down all its length, pathetic in its isolation, the focus of the sympathies of all the world, passed the ambulance bearing the wasted, stricken form of Garfield, never to return.

Let us take our stand on the south porch of the Treasury, and leaning against one of its huge monolithic columns, look down the Avenue's level surface, stretching a mile away to the Capitol; with a glass we can see plainly everything on it. It is broad and straight and smoothly paved, but its very breadth makes the rows of cheap buildings, with irregular sky-line and no pretension to architecture, look most of the way like a second-rate Bowery, without a fine building on it. One can see now that the south side should never have been built on, leaving all on that side park; and that on the other side all the government buildings should have been put, which would have made the finest, most imposing street in the world. Even now the south side might and should be cleared of houses. To-day, however, it is looking its best. Long black lines of people pack its sidewalks, and they crowd every window and swarm on the roofs. Flags innumerable drape all the houses, till the whole street glows with color and seems exalted and glorified. Listen; that far-off drum-beat tells us the head of the column has turned into the Avenue down by the Peace Monument, near the Capitol, and as we gaze it slowly fills from end to end and from curb to curb with a host of armed men. They are coming back from Grant's inauguration, and move down upon us a living stream, with a rhythmic beat that thrills us, above the clashing bands, with a glint of bayonets and glow of flags along its pulsating length like the gorgeous tints of sunset. All arms of the service are there, and almost all the States are represented. Pennsylvania sends her thousands in sober blue, like regulars; crack city regiments in showy uniforms, glittering militia colonels, the dancing yellow plumes of the cavalry, and the red capes of the artillerymen lighting up their frowning guns blend in ever-changing hues; and when the long line of military has passed, there come in close succession, from all parts of the land, civic bodies and political clubs, each with its own dress and insignia, till the eye is confused and the ear wearied with the clangor of trumpets, drums, and cymbals. Hour after hour they tramp steadily past, till the day is ended. The country feels the new measure of its stature, and has poured forth a mighty and enthusiastic host to show allegiance to its institutions, and honor the great chieftain whom it has chosen to rule over it. Such as was Grant's first inauguration was his second, and the closest observer could hardly tell in what respect Hayes's and Garfield's and Cleveland's and Harrison's and Cleveland's again varied from them, except as the weather was more or less favorable; nor was Mr. McKinley's much different.

No President is thought to be properly in power without an inauguration ball. Those held at Lincoln's two inaugurations were in the Patent Office, ill adapted to such a use; Grant had a temporary building. The Pension Office was roofed just in time for Cleveland's first inauguration. All the inauguration balls since then have been held in the same building. It is well that these recurring festivals with marching and music and dancing should take place; they have grown up naturally, and serve to promote good feeling and kindly intercourse among our widely severed sections, and help us to realize and cement the Union which the fathers established.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.—DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.—[SEE PAGE 250.]

EARLY MORNING IN WASHINGTON, D.C.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.
1. Baggage-express Men. 2. The Monument. 3. A typical Sandwich-Man. 4. Looking East on Pennsylvania Avenue.
5. The Market, and a Glimpse of the new Post-Office.

MRS. PARK'S GENERALSHIP.

A Diplomatic Incident.

BY ANNA VERNON DORSEY.

MRS. PARK first broke the subject at the breakfast table; picked it up, as it were, with her soft-boiled egg.

"Don't you think I had better write at once for Louise to come on from Boston?" she said to her husband. "She can come on to Washington, after she has accepted Lily Roosevelt's invitation, and staid long enough in New York to get some pretty gowns; for I know that those mother selects for her are not suitable. Then she can get here after Congress opens, in time for the President's New-Year reception and the first Bachelors' German."

This was a few months after Judge Park had received that remarkable appointment as Assistant Secretary of State in recognition of his distinguished services during the campaign. They had moved from their apartments at the Riggs House to a handsome house on Connecticut Avenue near the British Embassy.

Judge Park looked up from the newspaper, where he had been reading a vituperative editorial calling him "a pig-headed Imperialist, whose obstinacy had wellnigh ruined his party in his own State."

"Tut! no!" he said. "Let her stay where she is. I don't want my little girl changed to one of these giddy butterflies."

"Now, Judge Park," she said, softly, "I am surely the best person to decide my duty to my daughter. She must see more of the world and society than her grandmother in her secluded life can show her. I must do my duty by her." She broke her egg firmly and deliberately. "It came to me in the night."

All of Mrs. Park's best thoughts came to her in the night. As soon as the Judge heard that this had been a nocturnal inspiration, he wisely, from past experience, yielded the point.

"Well, I suppose she must come, then; but, Marcia, I tell you now that there is one thing I won't have—any of these young foreign whipper-snappers hanging around Louise. I want my daughter to marry a suitable American business man, and not a mere fortune-hunter, as so many of these young dude *attachés* are."

Mrs. Park glanced around uneasily, and gave a sigh of relief, seeing that the butler was in the closet.

"Hush, Judge," she whispered, mysteriously; "in your official capacity as Assistant Secretary of State you have no right to give utterance to such sentiments. You must compromise between your opinions and your public duty. When you accepted the appointment I feared you had not enough tact." This was another extinguisher; for if there was one thing upon which this bluff, brusque politician, with his spread-eagle Americanism, flattered himself, it was his diplomacy. His transparent attempts at disguise and chicanery were as amusing to his clever wife as the efforts of an elephant to spin a cobweb. She checkmated him at every move in a quiet way of which he was utterly unconscious.

"Well, well, let her come. I declare, the papers nowadays are too scurrilous. It is most disrespectful and undignified to call a public officer a 'blundering blatherskite.' Just listen to this as a sample of newspaper invective. 'Tis disgraceful."

Of course Mrs. Park wrote the letter to her mother, and Louise was sent on, stopping a month in New York, and arriving with trunks full of paraphernalia, street and party gowns. She had a month of quiet, like the vigil of a candidate for knighthood, while her mother put her on a strict diet for her complexion. During this time she perfected herself in French, which she already spoke very well. Mrs. Park had had this Washington *début* in mental perspective ever since the Judge had begun to take a prominent position in party politics.

Then the *debutante's* tea was given, and for two months during the season they were in a whirl of gayety. When Lent brought the end, Mrs. Park had time to think, and on Ash Wednesday, like a good Christian, she began to review her past life and the situation. Louise had *not* been a tearing success. She was not one of the tall, willowy beauties who shine in society cartoons. Her tailor-made gowns could not make her look anything but short and stumpy, "the build of a Shetland-pony," said her father, from whom she inherited her figure. She was pretty and brunette, like her mother, with her father's brusque manners, which was Mrs. Park's despair, for her honesty and lack of affectation were hopeless. She had been quite popular with the girls, but had scored no wonderful conquests like Miss Wayman, of Omaha, who had a string of distinguished men around her wherever she went. Among the men who called on Louise, in spite of her mother's charm, there was no one of higher rank than a few naval officers and a secretary of the Chinese Legation, Mr. Lin Wah.

He was a tall well-made young fellow of very high rank, with features which were so Caucasian that, had it not been for his pigtail and brilliant flowing garments, he might have been taken for a southern European. He had been only a short time in America, having spent five years before at the embassy in Paris, where he had acquired a proficiency in French and in playing the flute, upon which he performed in both the Chinese and Occidental fashion.

Having been invited to call one evening with his music, he continued to come, according to Chinese etiquette, every evening in succession, when he would play for hours with Louise accompanying him on the piano, or if there was no one to talk to him, sit upright, as ornamental and motionless as a bric-à-brac Buddha, regarding the world through narrow slits of eyes.

Mrs. Park always went to afternoon service at St. John's Church. She was head of the Mothers' Meeting, and was so popular among her poor women that she had six godchildren named Marcia. One windy March day she was returning alone from church, walking down Connecticut Avenue, bowing here and there to acquaintances and friends, when she met Louise with a strange young man. Louise, who had on her handsomest street gown, was looking her prettiest, and smiling with evident pleasure at the young man, who was slight, with blond hair and mustache, and whose monocle stuck in one eye stamped him at once as a foreigner. Mrs. Park was very glad that Miss Wayman was just behind with the Italian minister. It gave Louise quite an air; so she smiled approval and passed on.

That night she went to her daughter's room and found Louise brushing her hair.

"You naughty girl," she said, playfully, "who is this young man with whom you walk while your mamma is at church? I have never seen him before."

"Oh mamma, isn't he lovely? That is Comte Louis de Charteris, of the French Legation. I met him the other day at the Lay's, and he asked me to let him call. He is the nicest little fellow, without a bit of nonsense, and he says I am like his sisters. He has just come over, and hasn't any airs, like the rest, and he says my accent is perfect. He is awfully homesick." Louise was enthusiastic, and talked on for half an hour, her mother encouraging her sympathetic smiles and questions.

The next evening the Comte de Charteris called, and before he left, Mrs. Park knew all his family history, all about the old Château at Vitny, where lived *ma mère* and the two sisters. It was not difficult to get information, for nothing could be imagined more unlike the traditional foreign fortune-hunter than this angelically blond and ingenuous young man, who was too homesick to need any coaxing to pour out his confidences about his family, to tell how old and proud they were, and how impoverished, so that in order to keep up the ancestral home, to which he as the eldest son would succeed, the Countess had deemed it advisable for him to accept a diplomatic appointment, while the younger brother was at the École Polytechnique.

After that he was a constant visitor, and he and Louise, to whom the love of the country was a common bond, took long walks together in the first balmy days of heralding spring, out to Georgetown and Rock Creek, returning with baskets of arbutus or generally without them, having entirely forgotten why they went.

Mr. Lin Wah also came with his accustomed regularity. He was an unobtrusive guest, asking nothing in the way of attention. When Louise or Mrs. Park was engaged, he would be content to talk to Raymond, Louise's young brother, whose curiosity about the Flowery Kingdom was insatiable, and the information was prized the more because of the defective medium of Mr. Lin Wah's English. Both Mrs. Park and Louise had become quite friendly with this grave, dignified individual of an alien race who seemed to enjoy the home life of the family so much, and who was content with so very little. They regarded him as a faithful attendant, a higher order of mastiff upon whom they could call at will. When the Count was not on hand he often walked with Louise, his tall figure clad in flowing robes of pale colored silks attracting much attention.

One day Mrs. Park, who was sitting, unobserved, reading in the library, saw the Count, who was waiting for Louise to come downstairs, pick up one of her gloves and press it to his lips. Mrs. Park coughed, and the Count, looking up, caught her smilingly reproving glance.

"Ah, madame," he said, coming into the other room and sitting near her, his boyish face working with emotion, "you have seen. You know now how I adore her—such an angel—how you call it, *une ange*. But how I am situate, I cannot tell my love until I hear from my mother. I have write yesterday to *ma mère* for permission; I tell her you are a lovely family of the *haute noblesse* of America."

"My mother was a Winthrop of Massachusetts," said Mrs. Park. She did not mention her husband's family, who had been plain Pennsylvania farmers.

"My mother is lovely; she will admire Louise and be so good to her. But *how* I am situate! I can do nothing till I hear from *ma mère*. There is first the duty to her and to the family before my happiness. When she write to Judge Park about the settlements, the dowry of Louise, then you will help me to gain his consent, and we will be *so* happy. You see, madame," he said, falling into his native tongue and speaking rapidly, "we have many debts, and as eldest son I am bound to keep up the family and to help my mother to put aside something for my sisters' *dots*, that they make suitable marriages. I do not know how it may be with your daughter, but I hope that Judge Park may make arrangement with my mother, if she will marry me."

"Not a word, not a word to the Judge, for pity's sake," cried Mrs. Park. "You may ease your mind. Louise will be amply provided for, but not one word to her until we hear from France. I myself will write to your mother, and tell her that Louise is my mother's heiress. Now, my dear fellow, let your mind be at rest. I will be your friend. You think Louise cares for you?"

"Madame, she has never told me, but we both know."

Mrs. Park wrote next day to the Countess, who immediately answered the letter satisfactorily. She was sure that upon Miss Park's settlement, which would be made over to her at her marriage, and upon her future legacy from her grandmother, the young couple could live quite comfortably. She would like to see the young girl, whom her son had assured her was charming, an assertion which she was quite ready to believe, judging from the mother's letter, etc., etc.

It was like telling the river to cease from running to forbid these two young people confessing their love. It was patent to every one in the world except Judge Park, and Mrs. Park had to beseech and admonish them to prudence in glances and behavior until the time was ripe in which to broach the subject to the stern parent.

It was evident that something was working in the Judge's mind, and Mrs. Park anxiously awaited revelations. One night he came home from the club in a state of great excitement.

"Now, Marcia," said he, "I told you how it would be when you had these foreign youngsters coming to the house to see Louise, to gratify your ridiculous ambition. 'Tis too bad. The whole town is talking of it."

"Of what? My dear, you are excited."

Mrs. Park was sitting before the writing-desk in her own room, writing a letter. She was trembling in her boots, or rather her slippers, but she looked up calmly, pen in hand, at the short, fat figure in dress suit, silhouetted in wrathful tremulousness against the yellow silk portières.

"Why, why," said her husband, "Commodore Shippen, who knows all the gabble in the town, began chaffing me at the club—asked me whether Louise was going to pull out her eyebrows—"

"What? what?" gasped Mrs. Park.

"Wait a moment. Whether the ceremony was to be performed in the American or Chinese fashion. He says everybody in town says she is engaged to Mr. Lin Wah."

"Oh, nonsense," said Mrs. Park, immensely relieved.

"Not so quick, madam," said her husband. "I am not so sure that there is not something in it. The girl has been very moody of late. I have noticed that. She is beginning to fancy him—a Chinaman, too, of all the people in the world. There isn't any one else devoted to her, is there? Any nice young American—any of those naval fellows? Why, anything would be better than this!"

Mrs. Park began to see light. She sighed a negative sympathetically and looked a little worried. "I myself have noticed that they seemed interested, my dear, but I wouldn't say anything to you, because it will be only a passing fad on Louise's part, with my judicious management. I know the child so well. She has an exaggerated temperament, inherited from your family, and she wants to Christianize this young man. I only wish there were some one else at hand, of whom you would approve. She is just one of those obstinate, earnest girls who, unless she marries early, will end by being a nurse in a hospital or marrying some heathen to convert him. I have studied her disposition thoroughly."

"Now, Marcia, this fancy must be nipped in the bud. The fellow is good-looking and intelligent, and she is carried away by the romance and novelty of the affair. Novel! why, it is unprecedented. I never heard of an American lady falling in love with a Chinaman. And my daughter! Oh, horrible!"

"No, Judge Park, the case is not unique. There was a Western girl who married a college graduate, the son of a mandarin, and—"

"So much the worse. That confirms my suspicions. You are to blame. I will forbid the fellow the house."

"And have it regarded as an official insult to the Embassy. Remember your position. Of course, the newspapers would take it up."

"True, true," groaned the Judge, to whom the mention of newspapers was like salt rubbed on a wound.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Park, having reduced her husband to a proper state of dejection, "leave it all to me. It is unfortunate that you should feel so strongly on the subject, as I have asked both Mr. Lin Wah and that nice little Frenchman to a quiet family dinner next week—"

"Can't you get an American rag-picker?"

"They have both been quite polite to Louise, and it is only right to make some return. But don't worry about this. It will all come right. All that is needed is a little judicious management of Louise. Don't speak of this to her. You know love feeds on opposition. Have tact and discretion, my dear."

These two qualities Judge Park attempted to exercise during the ensuing week. He lost no opportunity of speaking disrespectfully before his daughter of the whole Mongolian race, their customs, habits, and appearance. Louise, unconscious of the exact cause of the attack, but faithful to her friend, would argue on the defensive, declaring that the Chinese civilization was the oldest in the world, far ahead of our own, and citing Mr. Lin Wah as an example. At length the discussion became so bitter, that Louise, who had her father's traits of obstinacy and loyalty, for fear of being disrespectful, refused to answer his tirades. For several days, devoted as they were, they hardly spoke to each other. Louise would find under her plate at dinner, or pinned to her pin-cushion on her bureau, written quotations such as this:

"In China, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners and barriers of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. A young Chinese seems to me like an antediluvian man restored.—*De Quincey's Opium-Eater.*"

Then the Judge's suppressed energy culminated in what seemed to him a brilliant plan of action, by which the Chinaman was to be disgusted and frightened away from the idea of seeking Louise's hand.

Coming home the day before the dinner and going up stairs, he encountered a new negro maid, an importation from the wilds of Virginia.

"Where is Miss Louise?" he asked.

"Down in de parlor, sah, wid a gemleman."

"Who is he? Is it a foreigner?"

"I don't know, sah; de butler opened de do'; but I 'spect it is, 'kase when I passed de do' I hyar 'em talkin' some kin' er queer talk. He goober-goobered at her, and she jes goober-goobered at him."

It was that Chinaman again! The Judge felt justified in carrying out his desperate move, and went around all next day with a quiet and secretive air.

At six o'clock, too late to invite another guest, came a messenger-boy with a note of regret from the Count. He was sorry, but he could not come, as he had been summoned to attend a diplomatic dinner.

Louise was much disappointed, but her attention was diverted by the events of the evening.

Mr. Lin Wah came early. His pink and lilac gown had a picturesque setting in the different colored lamp-shades and in the masses of flowers banked around, for it was in the month of May, when Washington is a floral city. Louise had on a white gown, and she and Mr. Lin Wah went in to dinner together.

Judge Park did not come down stairs at once; but, just as soup was being served by the immaculate and punctilious butler, he entered. There was something amiss. Mrs. Park glanced at him uneasily. His collar was off and his hair was on end. What was he going to do?

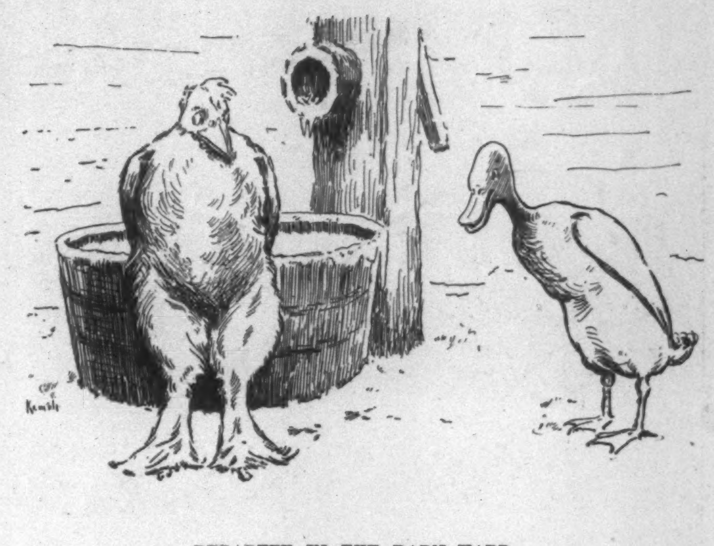
"Great Scott!" he said. "Am I late for grub?"

Mrs. Park began to grasp his motive. She breathed a sigh of relief that the Frenchman had not been able to come, and began to think that Heaven watched over her hopes.

Judge Park's behavior was shocking. He insisted on carving the roast beef, refused to allow the horrified butler to hand the plates, but requested the family to "pass their trenchers and have some supper—," all the time he was studiously polite to his guest, whose face he anxiously watched to notice the effect of these *gaucheries*. He might as well have tried to note the expression of a copper teakettle.

Mrs. Park was divided between mortification and amusement; while Louise was making desperate attempts to disguise her embarrassment and chagrin.

And how have you been, Mr. Lin Wah," asked Judge



REPARTEE IN THE BARN-YARD.

The Duck. "Say, boss, isn't it rather early in the season for white pants?"
The Rooster. "They may be white, but they're not white duck, you'll notice."

Park, eating with his knife; "do you find this climate agrees with you?"

"I have not been well; no sleep for two moon." Mr. Lin Wah's voice had a plaintive minor ring.

"What do you do for this sleeplessness?" asked Mrs. Park.

"In my country boy no sleep—take piece of pape—tear in slips—write, 'Boy no sleep'; nail on door. People come by—say, 'Ah, poor boy, he no sleepee nights.' Wind come—blow pape way. Boy sleep."

"Is this what you do, Mr. Lin Wah?"

"Oh no; this for common people. When I no sleep, take bromide potass inside, chloroform outside. Sleep—see!"

When they went to the parlor, to prevent any more aberrations on the Judge's part, Mrs. Park requested Mr. Lin Wah to play on the flute.

"Oh yes," he smilingly assented. "It ees so lovely to play ze flute in ze moonlight." He sat at the bow-window by a palm, his pale gown and profile outlined against the blue sky, the wind lifting his pigtail now and then as he tooted a mournful and monotonous Chinese melody, moved thereto perhaps by some memory of moonlight and pagodas. Louise sat by, dreamily gazing out at the clear-cut shadows on the asphalt, dreaming of the Count, while the Judge watched them with scorn and indignation.

"Well," he said to Mrs. Park when their guest had said good-night and Louise had gone up stairs, "did you see my dodge, Marcia? I don't think he would want to marry into such a family, when he is a Prince, do you? Shouldn't think he'd want a father-in-law that eats with his knife—eh?"

Mrs. Park regarded him a moment.

"I am sorry, my dear," she said, "but I really don't think your manners had any effect upon Mr. Lin Wah. You see, he regards us all as mild lunatics, and nothing surprises him."

"Well, well! But didn't you notice the way he spoke of not sleeping. Louise seemed very quiet after that. I think we shall have to send her away."

"Yes, do. And have her consider herself a martyr and become tragic."

"But what's to be done?" asked the Judge, desperately. "I declare, I wish the girl would marry somebody—anybody, even an Englishman or a German."

"We shall just have to wait, my dear, and something will turn out. Please bring the silver up stairs."

The only visible outcome of the Judge's manœuvre was the resignation of the butler.

The next day the Count proposed for Louise's hand.

The Judge met him with cordiality and gave him his full consent, providing, he said, with a dubious sigh, he could obtain that of his daughter.

"He is a most remarkable young man," the Judge told Mrs. Park, who was in a state of beatitude mitigated by the punishment of having no one with whom to talk over the plot; "he is so humble that he seems almost to apologize for being a Count. Not a bit like a Frenchman. It really is a wonderful deliverance from that Chinaman. I am glad Louise has inherited my common-sense. And the wonderful part of the affair is that this young man hasn't said one word about the settlements."

One evening a week or two later, after the engagement had been announced, Mr. Lin Wah came to call in a mournful mood. He had come to say good-by, but he was so thoughtful that he had brought Raymond, who was collecting cigarette pictures, a box full of those of actresses.

The lovers sat outside on the porch, in the air laden with lilacs, leaving Mrs. Park to entertain Mr. Lin Wah.

"I got to go back to China," he said to her, "to marry young girl that I have been betrothed since we were babies."

"Are you fond of her?" asked Mrs. Park.

"I never see her, but my brother write and say she ver' pretty, with leetle foot. I no like Chinese lady with leetle foot—I like Melican lady—so pleasant with big foot like this," indicating a space of about a yard between his hands. "But if I no like Chinese wife I leave her and come back."

IN THE NORTH WOODS.

When night has frost and day has shine,
Warming the sap to leap like wine,
And maple woods are fresh and damp,
Père Bouvier builds his sugar-camp,
Calling all the neighbors forth
To make the sugar of the North:
Glad they hear his spring-time call,
Black-eyed Jeanne and Antoine tall,
Grand-père Jacques and small Che'pete—
Old or young they like the sweet;
Like the days of work and play,
Like the camp-fire circle gay,
Where Grand-père's tale is still the best,
And all laugh loud at old-time jest—

Laugh, till the forest creatures hear,
Till shrill the snort of listening deer;
Laugh, till sound of their camp-fire romp
Has roused the fox in a far dim swamp.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[Adv.]

Superior to Vaseline and Cucumbers, Crème Simon, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[Adv.]

There are other bitters called Angostura, but there's only one genuine original Angostura—that's Abbott's. Druggists, grocers, wine merchants.—[Adv.]

You know Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is the only genuine—don't be deceived.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Turn it Upside down:
It won't hurt it.
There are no dregs or sediment at the bottom.
Drinkers of Evans' India Pale Ale know that and **do not hesitate to drain the bottle.**
When two years old it is properly bottled by experts and will keep in any climate.
Sold Everywhere.
Brewed and Bottled by
C. H. EVANS & SONS,
HUDSON, N. Y.

Sozodont
FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH.

Buchanan	McKinley	Garfield
Lincoln	and	Arthur
Johnson	Hobart	Cleveland
Grant		Harrison
Hayes		Cleveland

1859

1897

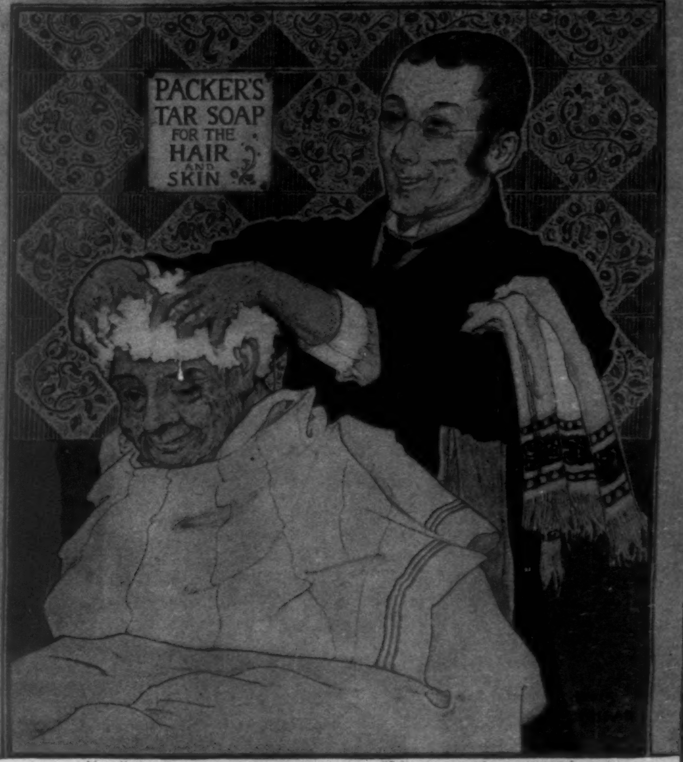
The Inauguration

Eleven administrations have witnessed the supremacy of SOZODONT, the leading dentifrice of America and the only one of international reputation. A sample for three cents. Address P. O. Box 247, New York City.

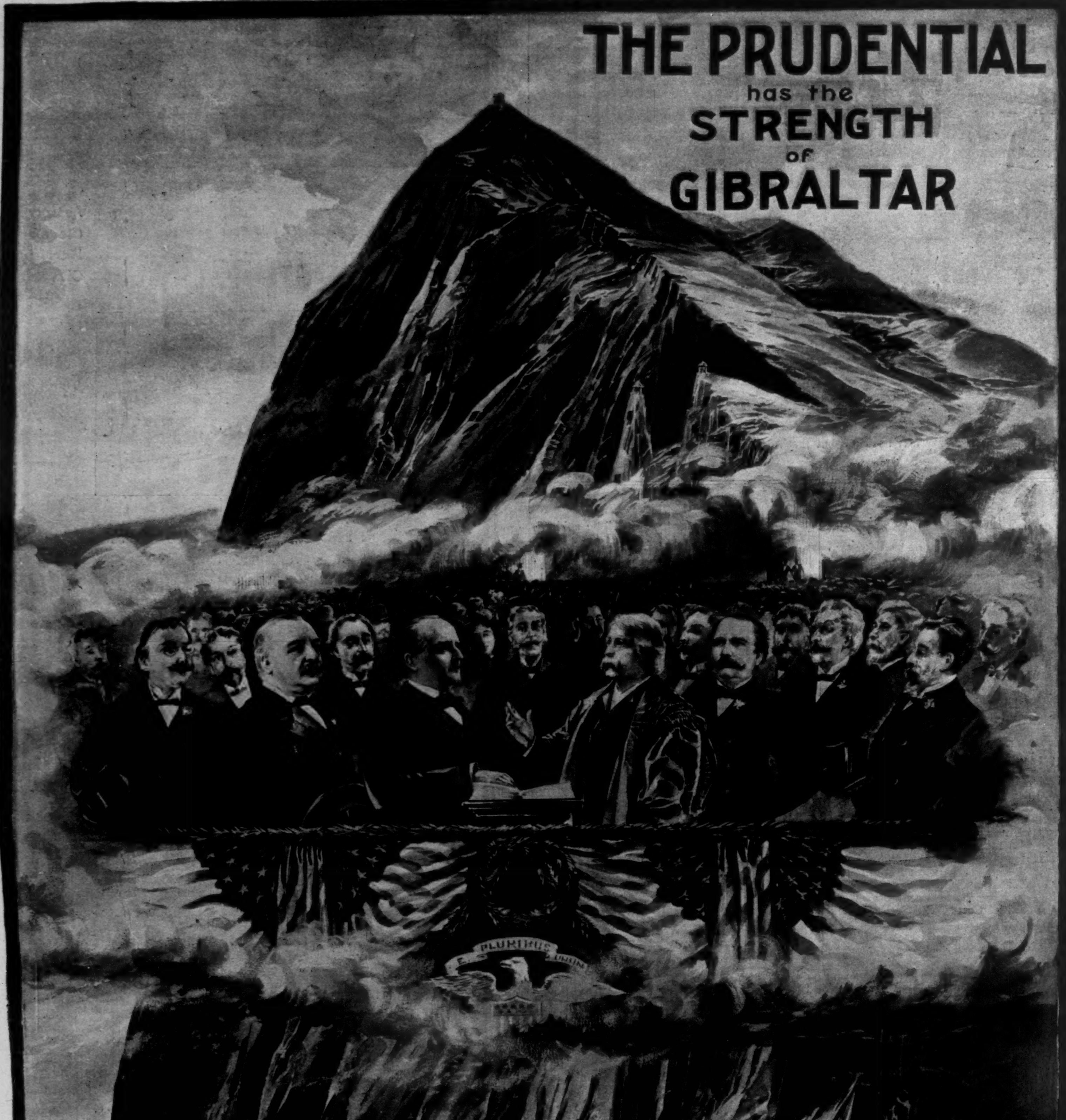
NEW YORK HALL & RUCKEL LONDON
Proprietors

Sozodont
FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH.

PACKER'S



A PLEASED CUSTOMER IS THE BEST ADVERTISEMENT
TAR SOAP



Copyright applied for.

1897 Witnesses the Inauguration by

THE PRUDENTIAL

of a new policy. The company has practically raised Industrial Insurance to the level of Ordinary Insurance, and now issues Life Insurance Policies on profit-sharing plans for children, women, and men: Ages one to seventy; Amounts, $15 to $50,000.

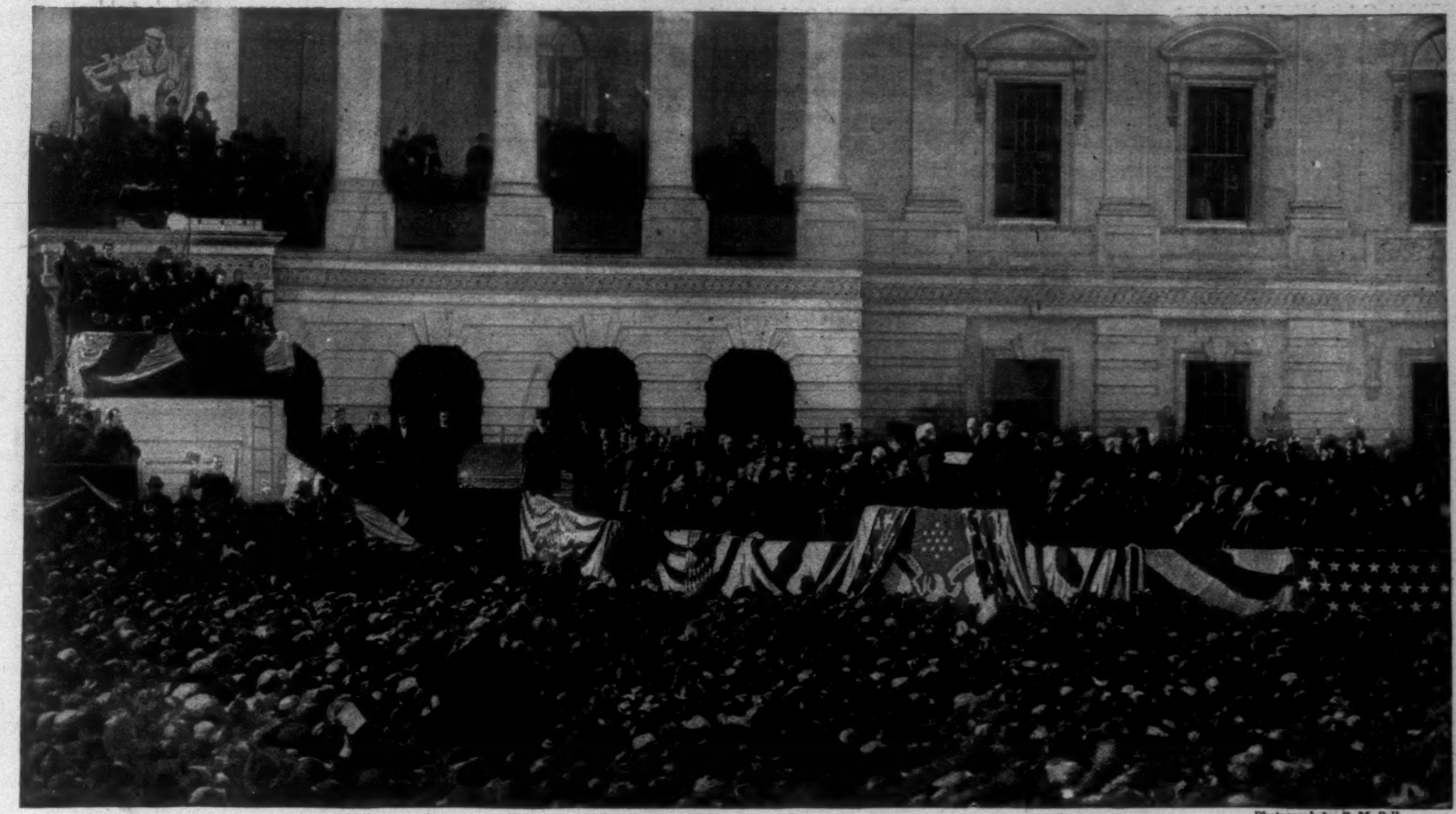
SIMPLE IN TERMS, LIBERAL IN PROVISIONS, COMBINING INVESTMENT WITH PROTECTION.

ASSETS, $19,541,827. INCOME, $14,158,445. SURPLUS, $4,034,116.

Premiums payable weekly, quarterly, semi-annually, annually. Write for particulars.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.

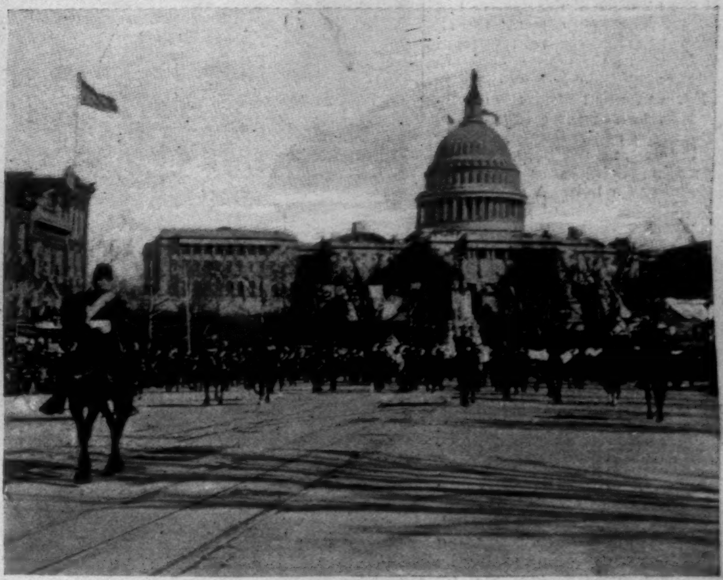
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office: Newark, N. J.



Photograph by C. M. Bell

SWEARING IN THE NEW PRESIDENT.

UNITED STATES CAVALRY PASSING THE TREASURY BUILDING.



GENERAL HORACE PORTER AND STAFF.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND RETURNING FROM THE CAPITOL.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY—AT THE CAPITOL AND ON THE LINE OF MARCH.—[See Page 259.]

THE BOSTON GAS EXPLOSION.

IT is not yet certain what actually caused the explosion at the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets in Boston on the 4th of March, but the probability is that it was due to the igniting of escaping gas from such sparks as are often seen to break from a momentary disconnection of the circuit between the wheels of an electric car and the rails. At the corner of Tremont and Washington streets the new subway which is in course of construction in Boston turns from Boylston Street into Tremont. At this particular point, instead of tunnelling, the subway contractors covered part of the corner with half-timbers instead of pavement, and these timbers extend out under the car tracks. Between these timbers and the roof of the subway was the space in which the gas and other pipes had been placed, and this space had not entirely been filled up at the time of the explosion. It is supposed, although it is not yet definitely proved, that in moving these pipes a leak had occurred in some way, and that the escaping gas had accumulated in the space between the roof of the subway and the planking of the street, constantly rising through the timbers, until on Thursday morning the smell of gas became so strong about the corner that the gas company was notified by telephone. Indeed, the strong smell spread all over the Common, and up as far as the Park Street Church.

Whatever the cause, however, the suddenness with which the explosion occurred, the enormous power of the gas, and the crowded condition of that corner resulted in an amount of destruction to life and property in a moment that it would be difficult for any one to appreciate unless he looked on the scene immediately after the explosion. It was a busy time of the day, being nearly noon; electric cars were at that time, as they are at all times of the day and most of the night, crowded together as they passed the corner, the sidewalks of Tremont and Boylston streets were filled with people, and it is remarkable that the number of deaths was not ten times greater. The two cars most seriously damaged were raised several feet from the ground, and some of the passengers were actually forced through the windows or parts of the cars. For a moment after the explosion the persons in two or three of the cars were seen in the midst of the flames, striving to get out of windows and doors, and women and men were raising their hands towards the buildings, screaming for help. A coupé containing the two Misses Bates, of Boston, and their coachman, was completely overturned, and Miss Amelia Bates and the coachman were both dead before they could be taken from the burning, overturned carriage. Another cab, containing Mr. William L. Vinal, was practically demolished, and the occupant and the coachman were both dead before they could be reached. All the people in the cars were injured more or less seriously, but, with the exception of a conductor and a driver, no one was actually killed.

The first instinct of every one in the buildings and on the street was to rush away from the scene with all the speed at his command. But after the first horror of the shock, the piteous cries of the wounded, of the women especially, who were seen crawling towards the sidewalks from the burning wreck in abject terror, caused most of the men to return and give assistance; and on the arrival of the firemen, part of the force had to be devoted to clearing the streets and keeping the people from rendering assistance to the wounded at some danger to themselves.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

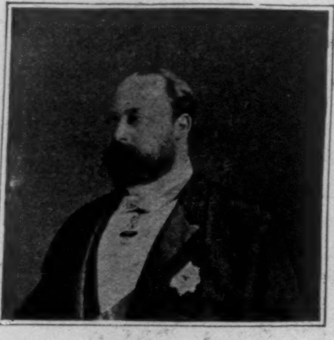
All pastry-cooks of note use ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Their employers and their reputations demand the production of the finest, lightest, sweetest bread, cake, and pastry. For this they declare ROYAL BAKING POWDER is indispensable.

"I have found the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others. I recommend it."

C. Gorjo

late Chef, Delmonico's.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



The Prince of Wales

ORDERS

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

Abergeldie Castle, Aberdeenshire.

Mr. Newman, Agent for Johann Hoff's Malt Extract, London, E. C.

Please supply three dozen HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT, on account of H.R.H., Prince of Wales. J. CROSS.

By Goods Train to Abergeldie, Ballater, Aberdeenshire.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

The genuine **JOHANN Hoff's Malt Extract** makes Flesh and Blood. More strength in one bottle of **JOHANN Hoff's Malt Extract** than in a cask of Ale, Beer, or Porter, without their intoxicating effects.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agts., N.Y.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT).

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are *more durable*, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

$1.20 *per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for* 25 cts., *post free from all stationers, or wholesale of*

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William Street, New York.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.
HOOPER, LEWIS & CO., 8 Milk Street, Boston.
A. C. M'CLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
BROWN BROS., Lim., 68 King Street, Toronto.

A NOVELTY KNIFE—Your name and address, photos, society and trade emblems, eminent men and women, actresses, machinery, etc., under durable transparent handles. WARRANTED best of material and workmanship and free from defects. Knife same style as cut, $1.20; 3 blades, $1.60; heavy 2 bladed, $1.50; Carpenter's knife, 3 blades, $2.00; Razor, novelty handle, $3.50; Ladies' knife, 2 blades, 80c.; 3 blades $1.25; Boy's knife, 2 blades 75c. Special photos in knife each, 25c extra. Stamp photos $1.00 per 100. Circular for stamp. AGENTS WANTED.

Latest cabinet photos of President and Mrs. KcKinley from original negatives, 25c each.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 15 Bar Street, CANTON, OHIO.

Winter Resorts

Matchless in Every Feature!

CALIFORNIA

Last tour to California and the Pacific Coast, under the personally-conducted system of the

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Four weeks to nine months on the Pacific Coast. Special Pullman Vestibule Train will leave New York and Philadelphia March 27, 1897. (Boston one day earlier.)

MAGNIFICENT WINTER OUTING

of the highest grade in every particular.

Round-trip rate from New York, Philadelphia, and points east of Pittsburg, $210. From Boston, $220.

For itineraries and all information of California, Florida, and Washington tours, apply to Tourist Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway, New York; 205 Washington St., Boston; 789 Broad St., Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Philadelphia.

THE INAUGURATION OF MR. McKINLEY.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

WHEN the time approaches for the inauguration of a President, Washington blossoms like an expectant village waiting for the grand entrance of the circus, only it is a big village that waits, and a big circus that is coming. Therefore the curb-stones along the line of the procession will not afford ample accommodation for the crowds that gather, and besides, there are those who are eager to look upon the display who care more for the comforts of windows than for the inclemency of curb-stones, while there are others who may not possess the price of a window who must, nevertheless, have chairs or benches to sit on, and for such as these stands have been erected on the premises of the happy ones whose stores or houses are on the beneficent line of march.

There is a strange movement in this capital city on the eve of the inauguration. For the one time in the course of four years there is apparent there the outward semblance of cupidity. Washington has no commerce, and even its retail trade is of the slowly moving sort that is harmonious with the dilatory feelings that the early spring weather, with its soft airs and its abundant invitation to lassitude, is implanting in the hearts and purposes of all who are worthy to be companions in idleness. But now is the harvest-time come, and the town blossoms with an unwonted avarice, while the ear is assailed with the cries of venders of accommodation—vehicular, domiciliary, and the rest. As one alights from the train, the sign that greets the eye announces that a "Committee of Public Comfort" has been appointed. It is a hospitable sign, and possibly it sets forth fine hospitality. But on the way out of the station the visitor receives many an assurance that a large part of Washington has rooms to rent, and if he be a kindly person, he is likely to regret, quite casually, of course, the comfortable quarters he has secured in advance, when a small child feelingly asks him if he is not in need of a room. If he only were, the rather large price that he might pay for rather limited quarters would doubtless do much toward tiding the child's mother over the coming summer, with its dearth of lodgers and its dispiriting heat.

It is not the true Washington that one comes to on this great quadrennial occasion. The inefficient, pleasant idlers are transformed into turners of the honest penny, and they do it in the inefficient, shiftless way that is so thoroughly pleasant when it marks idlenesss, but so completely discordant when it accompanies the air of business. The shop fronts bloom in a helpless disarray of colors. It is as if Pennsylvania Avenue shopkeepers, saloon-keepers, and what not had suddenly awakened to the decorative exigencies of the occasion, and had said: "Go to! We must at least show that we are glad of the needed dollar that is thus coming to us again after an absence of four long years. The circus is here again; the circus is good for trade; we pay nothing to induce its coming, for come it must, by reason of the kindly operation of the Constitution of our beloved country; it all means the consumption of food and drink, the hiring of beds, and the purchase of clean haberdashery." All who sell supplies for the diurnal well-being or desires of men find their profit in an inauguration, and even some of the substantial householders are not averse to increasing their incomes by an additional $500 in consideration of turning over their homes to a family or two of strangers for a week. And so, there being gratitude in the hearts of these people who, as a rule, know not trade nor her hardening allurements, there must be decorations to signal that gratitude.

The decorations are entirely non-partisan manifestations in bunting and paper-muslin. I have purposely avoided saying that they are demonstrations, for while that may not be too strong a word to characterize the thanks that sing in the Washingtonian heart, it is altogether too strong to indicate the effect that is put forth for their expression. On the beautiful day when Mr. McKinley rode to the Capitol to take the oath of office by the side of Mr. Cleveland, the colors on the paper-muslin had run into one another as if to show more clearly the indefiniteness of Washington's political principles, and the indifference with which the city welcomes either a Democratic or a Republican President. It is a poor show enough; the poverty of the architectural opportunities along the avenue has been fully taken advantage of, and, while it is saying a good deal, I do not hesitate to affirm that the decorations on this occasion have been as mean as most of the buildings on which they have been displayed. Blotches of cheap color, inharmoniously arranged, are the chief characteristics of this attempt at pageantry. Now and then the American flag has been utilized to ill effect, and again, when some inspired person has permitted it to wave as nature intended, and as the friendly winds decree, to good effect. But, on the whole, the decoration is saddening. It shows how crude is the American in the art which Paris knows so well. But perhaps even Paris would not do any better if on her festive occasions there were no central plan of decoration devised by a commission of artists; if, in other words, each householder were permitted to indulge his eye and his enthusiasm in his own wild way. There are certainly signs to be seen among the bourgeoise women of the French capital that bad taste and even flaring vulgarity is not unknown beyond the jurisdiction of the commission, which is happy in the possession of M. Puvis de Chavannes and his colleagues. It is clear that the first important lesson in pageantry that we have to learn as a people is that we shall not lose our independence nor destroy the principle of self-government when we turn over the decoration of our national city on such an occasion to a commission of artists. It is not necessary that each householder of us should show that he is as good as or even better than his neighbor by overwhelming him and the rest of the community by discords in color. It will be a great day for the national eye and for the national taste when the decorations for an inaugural are directed by a commission of well-informed and dictatorial artists.

In one respect there has been a distinct advance. In the construction of the stand in front of the White House, where the new President reviews the passing procession, some care was taken for the preservation of the health of those who are compelled to carry on and assist at this function against the uncertainties and inclemencies of a March day. A window was constructed in this stand, so that if the weather proved unkind Mr. McKinley might uncover himself to the colors and salutes of the marching columns behind the shelter of glass. In view of the tempestuous days on which this ceremony has been often performed, this was a wise precaution. It is also to be remarked that the stand which faces the reviewing President was this year carefully protected from blasts from the rear, so that this inauguration will probably be followed by fewer fatal consequences than resulted from exposure at the inauguration of Mr. Harrison and the second inauguration of Mr. Cleveland. But it was a beautiful day, as I have said, and neither Mr. McKinley nor Mr. Hobart nor the thousands who sat patiently and waited for the procession to come and pass ought to be the worse off for the show in which they have participated.

In the most essential respect this was one of the most successful inaugural processions that Washington has ever witnessed, and this brings me to the very heart and core of what I want to say. It was a successful parade because there was a large and important division of regular troops, and because, with the exception of a small detachment, these troops were dressed appropriately for an occasion of ceremony—at least as appropriately as the general orders fixing uniforms will permit. It is true that the dress uniform of the United States army is not beautiful, or rather it is not beautiful when it is met singly in the highways; almost any uniform, however, is beautiful in mass because it has color. But whether this dress uniform is or is not beautiful, it is our best—the best clothes that our soldiers have—and, on such an occasion as this, why ought not the best clothes to be worn? The regulars gave to the on-lookers an exhilarating moment. Without intending in the least to disparage the militia, it seems to me only fair to the army to say, what is the truth that will not be questioned by any observer of parades, that when the regulars are in the marching column, all amateurs become mere accessories. It may even be that the militia company will keep a better line than the company of regulars, but there is always striking evidence that the people who are standing on the curb-stones or sitting on the benches know the difference between those who are soldiers for business and those who are soldiers by way of avocation—between those who will go into all fights because it is their trade and those who at the best are preparing to fight only when the lack of regular troops shall make it the duty of patriots to risk their lives on the field of battle.

The regular army made a splendid show at McKinley's inauguration, and it took part, as I have already said, in the holiday parade clad in its holiday clothes. It was a very interesting, and perhaps a very suggestive, fact that after the last column of regulars had passed, the men whose business is fighting, in their shining helmets and well-brushed frock-coats, they were followed by militia clothed in all the panoply of war. It gave the spectator a queer sense of the unreality of things—the sight of the militia in brown leggings, soft felt campaign hats, and with cartridge-belts fastened threateningly about their waists. Do not let there be any mistake. It was not all the militia—perhaps it was not most of the militia—that appeared in the betrimmed streets on this gala occasion in the toggery of the campaign. The Seventy-first, from New York, and some Maryland and New Jersey troops, besides smaller bodies, judged rightly of the occasion, and wore a dress that did not indicate an immediate intention to slaughter an enemy; but it is interesting to note that the gay regulars were immediately followed by the District of Columbia militia equipped for the fray that is probably no nearer to-day than it was four years ago, when the same and more marching companies and battalions showed their warlike side to the spectators of Washington. Perhaps the influence of the sombre blue-uniformed hosts of Pennsylvania is wearing off. At how many inaugurations have these hosts descended upon Washington as if to save it from the enemy that never came? It was a great occasion, cleverly improved, I have no doubt, for a drill in mobilization, but thousands upon thousands of people will unite in testifying that 10,000 blue-overcoated, brown-hatted men in heavy marching order do not add to the brilliancy or to the gayety of an inaugural procession. The hour devoted to the Pennsylvania militia at the inclement inaugurals of 1889 and 1893 is doubtless accountable for some loss of life. The Pennsylvania militia was not present at the McKinley inauguration, and, while two or three regiments from that State in holiday dress would have been welcome, Washington and its experienced visitors were very glad that the whole division forgot the expected enemy this year, and left us to depend mainly on regulars without cartridges.

The regulars were in excellent form. There were the Engineer battalion, a number of batteries of heavy artillery, a regiment of infantry, two batteries of light artillery, and six troops of cavalry. I do not believe that the East has seen such a gathering of regular troops in many years. Besides the regular troops of the line and the Engineer Corps, we had the Marine Corps, with its fine band, and a battalion of sailors from the North Atlantic squadron. All this was especially fine, and was thoroughly appreciated by the crowd, who broke out into enthusiastic applause when the cavalry went by, the horses keeping better lines, as an old admiral said, than many of the foot-soldiers; and there was even greater enthusiasm when the jack-tars went by, for the sailor-man is always a great favorite with the American citizen, who not only believes in him, but in the romance that has been woven about him, and is impressed by the great mystery in the midst of which he toils and fights. It was pleasant to hear the ripple of applause that accompanied these boys—led by the goat which is the mascot of the U. S. cruiser *New York*—as they marched up Pennsylvania Avenue and by the reviewing-stand, although a humane person would have been even better pleased if the toiling soldiers had been received with equal hospitality.

To one gallant body of men I had almost forgotten to pay its well-deserved tribute. It certainly added much to the beauty and spirit of the occasion from the time when it first appeared, at about half past ten in the morning, escorting into the White House grounds the as yet empty four-horse barouche which was to convey the outgoing and incoming Presidents to and from the Capitol, until it galloped in all its brilliancy of blue and yellow and hussar shako back into the White House grounds in advance of the returning President. It was a goodly company of young soldiery, and it was well mounted on most excellent black horses. It was Troop A of Cleveland, and went to Washington to act as the special body-guard of its distinguished fellow-citizen of Ohio.

It is one of the unfortunate incidents of all attempts at pageantry in our agreeable capital that after all that is good has been done, after the real soldiers and the real militia have passed, and it is time to go home and be satisfied with the day and with the manner in which it has been observed, comes an awful tail of grotesqueness, the contemplation of which makes the mind sombre and the heart heavy. These are the little boy-soldier companies, and the thin, half-filled platoons of militia commands, that are so fancifully rigged out that the truth is evident, and we know that they are not only playing soldier, but playing it in the most desultory way, without ever harboring the suspicion that the game may some day be played for "keeps." It is not all the colored troops who are grotesque. Some of these are very funny, it is true, and end up the parade most nonsensically; but then there are also some admirable colored militia companies, while those that display their taste for glaring hues, and that prove that the wearing of uniforms does not necessarily imply an interest in drilling, are no worse than some of the white military masqueraders who, always in single companies, used to make their quadrennial way to Washington to show their antique burlesque uniforms. It is a curious thing that we cannot, as a nation, have a display of this kind without running off into the ridiculous. Why can we not stop the parade when the real parade is over? Why is it necessary to give a place to every command that applies, no matter how grotesque it may be? Why do the managers of our festivities prepare to end their military show in a fit of laughter, as if it were a minstrel show that would be incomplete, and therefore inadequate, without its end men? At any rate it is true of this inauguration pageant that what began worthily ended ridiculously, so far as the military feature of the occasion was concerned. As for the rest, do we not know the American habit of mind that makes marching in public the fullest and finest expression of all principles and sentiments? There is always the "visiting clubs," always the silk-hatted men with their neat overcoats, carrying their canes at the shoulder. There is no organization, however pacific in its character, and however handsome in its *personnel* and outfit, that does not devoutly believe that no pageant is complete unless it puts on its silk hat and overcoat and shoulders its cane. And this dreary ending, following the ridiculous conclusion of the military show, made this inauguration ceremony, like many an inauguration ceremony that has preceded it, a cause of weariness and discomfort and perhaps of colds, for the sun was getting low in the west when the civic end of the parade finally permitted the patient waiters to go home to dinner. One part of this parade in which men marched in citizen clothes should not be overlooked, for it added a touch of sentiment to the occasion. It was the appearance of the survivors—many of them aged—of McKinley's old regiment—the Twenty-third Ohio. To these men was given a proper preference. They followed the President's carriage into the White House grounds, and assisted at their old comrade's first act as President of the country for which he and they had fought. It may have been a revival of war recollections, but if it was, it was a tender and fitting revival, and one which no man will question, unless he be prepared to contend that the war did not end with the victory of the righteous cause.

In the great outpouring of the people that always distinguishes an inaugural ceremony from all other ceremonies in which the government plays any part there is a cheering sign of the interest which the American people take in American politics—at least in the American President. Governors passed in the procession, and some of them who failed to respond to the cheers with which the amiable crowd greeted them were not respectfully treated. Governors may not demand a large interest from the public, even from the public of their own States, and Governors are much more interesting than legislators or Congressmen. After the President had entered the grounds of his new home, old Mr. Sherman, who had ridden in the carriage with Mr. McKinley and Mr. Cleveland, wandered out into Pennsylvania Avenue and walked across the street, evidently intent on going home without looking at the parade. The crowd cheered him in pleasant mood, but it was clear that a man who had been in public life for forty years, who had been legislator and cabinet officer, and who was to be the head of the cabinet for the new administration, was not very impressive to the American mind. But the Chief Magistrate of the land was impressive. Whoever he may be, the acclaiming multitude will go to Washington to look at him on the day of his inauguration. He represents to them the power of the republic. He is the incarnation of their ideal. He stands for them, and for their idea of popular self-government. They may neglect their duties and permit Congress and Governorships to be filled by worse than incompetent men. They may lose wholesome interest in the work of their legislators. It may seem that popular government is to be ruined by the default of those for whose benefit it was established. But so long as the people manifest that great interest in the inauguration of a new President that they manifested the other day in the inauguration of Mr. McKinley, it is evident that the time has not yet come to despair of the republic. Some day these people to whom their chief magistrate is of supreme importance will find out that the baser politicians are hampering and limiting the President, are trying to take his powers from him, are preventing him from carrying out his desires, and are making life a burden to him, and release from his official burdens something to look forward to with joyful eagerness, and then it will not be well with the men whose conduct in Congress has made it necessary for Mr. Cleveland, and may make it wise for Mr. McKinley, to stand between them and the nation's honor.

THE CLOSING FEATURE OF INAUGURATION DAY—THE BALL IN

IN THE PENSION-OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

THE INAUGURATION BALL.

FROM MADISON TO McKINLEY.

It was not until Madison's inauguration, in 1809, that an official inauguration ball was held, the place chosen being Long's Hotel, which has long since ceased to be a known locality in the Federal City. When Madison and his wife arrived at the ball they found awaiting them the late President, Thomas Jefferson, the foreign ministers, and a large number of public officials and distinguished citizens. The newspapers described the affair as the most brilliant ever held in Washington, and estimated the number of guests at the magic figures of four hundred. Whether or not the new President arrayed himself in a different suit from that in which he had earlier in the day taken the oath of office the records are silent, but these garments were regarded as so symbolical of his attachment to the industrial advancement of his country that it may well be doubted whether he saw fit to exchange them in the evening for more commonplace apparel. The cloth was of American manufacture, made of the wool of merino sheep grown in this country, the coat being from the factory of Colonel Humphreys, and the waistcoat and smallclothes from Chancellor Livingston's mill on the Hudson River. His wife was clad in a sumptuous yellow velvet gown, her neck and arms hung with pearls, and a Parisian turban with a bird-of-paradise plume upon her head.

The guests remarked the great contrast between the warm sunshine of the retiring President's face and the dark clouds of care which overhung the new President; for Jefferson was in high spirits, laughing and joking and telling good anecdotes, and Madison was worn with fatigue, and oppressed with a sense of the heavy responsibility which had fallen upon his shoulders. He was a small man, of modest, studious countenance, but of easy, high-bred manners. His wife was a queen among women—handsome, portly, and self-possessed. Washington Irving, who saw the pair soon afterwards, describes them jocosely in a letter to Brevoort:

"Mrs. Madison is a fine, portly, buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, are like the two Merry Wives of Windsor; but as to Jemmy Madison—ah! poor Jemmy!—he is but a withered little apple-John."

Dolly Madison was forty years old when this ball was held, and was at the height of her social career. She had already, during the administration of Jefferson, who was a widower, taken her natural position as a leader in official society, and her supremacy henceforth met with no dispute.

Among the most conspicuous guests at the ball were Robert Goodloe Harper, of South Carolina, author, politician, and fop, perfumed, as a contemporary wrote, "like a milliner," and wearing huge knots of black ribbon upon his shoes; and Daniel Carroll, who had helped to secure the location of the Capitol on his lands, an important figure in Washington, who "looked like a barrell," according to a doggerel poem of the day; and John Peter Van Ness, lately a member of Congress from New York, in which position he had made no mark, but now the husband of the beautiful heiress Marcia Burns, in which capacity he became a social force.

The new Federal City had grown a little when Monroe was inaugurated in 1817, but it was still painfully small, ragged, and uncomfortable, and an unsightly object to look upon. Inauguration day was long remembered because of the mildness and radiance of the weather. The President returned after the ceremonies at the Capitol to his private dwelling; for the White House was undergoing the repairs which the vandalism of the British army, a few years before, had rendered necessary, and was not yet habitable. In the evening he and his wife repaired to Davis's Hotel, on lower Pennsylvania Avenue, to the inauguration ball. The house has been displaced by other buildings, and is now remembered only as a name, yet it was in its day a prominent hotel, and more Senators and members of Congress lived there than at any other house of public entertainment in Washington, with the possible exception of Mr. Dowson's large boarding-house on Capitol Hill. Madison and his wife drove down from the "Seven Buildings," higher up on Pennsylvania Avenue, where the temporary Executive Mansion was. As at the Madison ball, the whole diplomatic corps in court uniform were present, and their brilliant display occasioned admiring comment. And yet one cannot help smiling to think of their fewness, for all told there were then only eight heads of legations in Washington. Sir Charles Bagot, the British minister, drove to the ball from his residence on Pennsylvania Avenue, near Georgetown. The French minister, de Neuville, came from the legation on F Street near Fifteenth, which he shared with de Onis, the minister of Spain; and there were ministers present from Russia, Sweden, Prussia, and Portugal, and Mr. Ten Cate, the chargé d'affaires of the King of the Low Countries. Many men of historical importance were present. Harrison Gray Otis, of Hartford Convention fame, was then a Massachusetts Senator; John J. Crittenden, the great advocate, was Senator from Kentucky; Henry Clay was already a leader in the House of Representatives; and William Henry Harrison represented the new State of Ohio. The ball passed off pleasantly, as everything in Monroe's administration seemed to do, and eight years later the happy Virginian gave place to a man who was his very antipodes.

The contemporaries of John Quincy Adams have represented his personality as impassive, self-contained, and so frigid that men who met him for the first time declared he froze the marrow in their bones. It is not strange, therefore, that in his diary, which is a storehouse of historical information, there is no more than a mere mention of the frivolous ceremony of the inauguration ball. It was held at Carusi's saloon, a resort that afterwards became a famous rendezvous for Washington society. The hall was a spacious one for those days, and was well adapted for dancing. Two staircases of crescent shape led up to the entrance door, on either side of which was a large fireplace, which was heaped with blazing logs when the weather was cold. The building stood on Eleventh Street, at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue, the site now occupied by Kernan's Theatre. The proprietor, Louis Carusi, was an Italian, who had come to this country some years before Adams's inauguration, and had joined the famous Marine Band, but he soon retired from that organization to become a professor of dancing. A bachelor of fine presence and good education, he enjoyed some rank as a beau, and usually acted as master of ceremonies at the balls given in his hall. Adams attended the ball rather late in the evening, and withdrew immediately after supper. The list of foreign ministers assembled was increased by those from the new powers—Mexico, Colombia, Brazil, and the Federation of Central America.

At this time Washington social life had assumed, in its selecter circles, a charm which made it memorable in after-years, and the inauguration ball was not the all-embracing entertainment that it afterwards became. Although tickets could be bought by anybody, not everybody felt privileged to buy them, for some of the traditions of the social life of the Old World still lingered in the new republic. It was the era of belles, and they were present in force at the inauguration ball. Ellen Adair White, known as Mrs. "Florida" White, because her husband was the Representative in Congress of Florida Territory, was the reigning beauty of the day, dividing the honors of attention with Miss Catharine Van Rensselaer, the handsome daughter of the wealthy patroon of Albany, and Cora Livingston, "the greatest belle in the United States," who was not beautiful, but possessed of an indescribable charm of person and manner, giving her an eminence above all competitors.

As Adams, the inscrutable man of the world, was a contrast to the open-hearted Virginian Monroe, so was the rugged, self-willed Jackson a contrast to them both. The city was given over to riotous rejoicing in the evening of the day of his inauguration, but the official ball was wanting, for the grim old warrior in the White House was mourning the recent death of his wife.

Eight years later Martin Van Buren attended the second inauguration ball held at Carusi's. It was carefully planned and brilliantly successful; but the light was not brilliant, for lamps were discarded, and the illumination came from sperm candles. The managers were all men of high rank and of the fashionable world, and to distinguish them from less important individuals they wore white ribbon bows upon their coats. Although the tickets cost ten dollars each, there was a large crowd present. About ten o'clock in the evening the President and Vice-President appeared. Two of the managers of the ball led them up the room to an elevated platform, where they held a levee. This was called the aristocratic Van Buren ball. In another part of the city a second ball was held, which the President also attended, and the admission was only three dollars.

The weather was threatening and cold when William Henry Harrison took the oath of office as President in 1841. Nevertheless, he attended all three of the balls given in his honor in the evening. Of these the grandest was the one held on Louisiana Avenue, near Pennsylvania Avenue, admission to which cost ten dollars. The managers met at the hall at half past seven o'clock in the evening to have everything in readiness. People who came in carriages were cautioned in entering from Pennsylvania Avenue or Sixth Street to keep their horses headed towards the east, and Mr. Justice Thompson had charge of a full corps of police, whose business it was to see that there was no blockading. Of the other two balls, one was called the "Native American Ball," and it cost only three dollars to attend it.

When James K. Polk was inaugurated, in 1845, again the custom of holding more than one ball was followed. One was expensive and select; and the other, which was for the "pure democracy," was cheap and not select. Rain poured down all day, and Pennsylvania Avenue was a mire of mud, but the enthusiastic crowds braved everything and were out in force in the evening. Both balls were attended by the President and his wife, but, contrary to the usual custom, none of the family of the retiring President appeared, as they considered it more dignified to spend the evening in seclusion at Fuller's Hotel, where their goods and chattels had been moved from the White House the evening before. President Polk and his wife appeared at the expensive ball attended by Senator Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire. The dancing ceased while they were escorted to a raised platform, when it was resumed, although Mrs. Polk, as a rigid Presbyterian, did not look kindly upon such frivolous pursuits. Two famous beauties were noticeable in the assemblage, one a Miss Ward and the other Miss Ritchie of Richmond, the daughter of the editor of the *Daily Union*, the newspaper which superseded the *Globe* as the administration organ. A noted character in Washington life was also present in Captain Isaiah Rynders, whom another guest at the ball described as "the Don Giovanni of the age, the hero of the sea and the Western waters, the ruling spirit of the stormy democratic elements of the redoubtable Empire Club." At the cheaper ball, according to the accounts, there was a disorderly crowd, which broke into the supper-room, ate and drank too much, or had done the latter before coming to the ball, and otherwise marred the pleasures of the evening.

But few people in Washington had ever seen General Zachary Taylor until he was inaugurated as twelfth President of the United States. A wooden building of great size had been erected for a ballroom in Judiciary Square. It was profusely decorated, many enthusiastic citizens lending articles to embellish it for the occasion. At eleven o'clock the President entered, escorted by Mayor Seaton and Robert Winthrop, Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was greeted with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs, and then the crowd parted, and there advanced to meet him, clad in crimson satin and profusely decked with diamonds, Madame de Bodisco, a young woman of brilliant beauty, a Georgetown girl, and the wife of the Russian minister. On either side of her was a foreign minister in brilliant court costume; following her were two Louisiana beauties, and in her party was the President's pretty daughter, Miss Betty, dressed in white, with a white flower in her hair. As the President was escorted to the platform prepared for him he looked about him smilingly and said, "I have been so long among Indians and Mexicans, I hardly know how to behave myself surrounded by so many lovely women"—a remark which showed that he knew very well what to say, at any rate.

The same evening he attended two other balls of less magnitude—one a military ball, at Carusi's, now hardly large enough to hold inauguration hosts, and the other at Jackson's Hall, on Pennsylvania Avenue, between Third and Four-and-a-half streets, a granite building still standing, and until quite recently bearing the sign of the historic *Congressional Globe*.

We have noticed that from the time of Madison an inauguration ball was held for every President except Jackson, who was in mourning. It was omitted for the second time when Franklin Pierce was inaugurated, as shortly before he went to Washington he suffered the loss of his son under peculiarly tragic circumstances. Two unofficial balls were, however, held, one entitled, in the advertisements, "A grand ball and musical soirée," given by the Washington Infantry Band at Carusi's, the managers of which were prominent Washingtonians; the other, a "complimentary ball," by the Arlington Club to the Franklin Fire Company, at Apollo Hall, on Pennsylvania Avenue.

When Buchanan was inaugurated the custom of holding more than one ball, which had prevailed from Van Buren's time, was abandoned, and one large ball was held, and this custom has ever since prevailed. A temporary ballroom was erected in Judiciary Square as an annex to the City Hall, and the subscribers were limited to fifteen hundred, who were permitted to invite ladies. At eleven o'clock Mr. Buchanan appeared, escorted by a committee composed of Senator Albert G. Brown, of Mississippi, John Appleton, the Assistant Secretary of State, and Jonah D. Hoover, a citizen of Washington. He was received by William B. Magruder, the Mayor of Washington. With him was his beautiful niece, Miss Harriet Lane, whose graceful dominion over the White House is still remembered with enthusiasm by old residents of Washington.

Of all the inauguration balls none has ever worn such a significant political aspect as that which Lincoln attended in Judiciary Square in 1861. It received the official designation of the "Union Inauguration Ball," and the whole government was represented in its conduct. The managers were Jeremiah S. Black, Secretary of State; John A. Dix, Secretary of the Treasury; E. M. Stanton, Attorney-General; Horatio King, Postmaster-General; and Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy—besides twenty-five Senators, seventy-one members of Congress, General Scott and eight high-ranking army officers, Commodore Stewart and eight high-ranking navy officers, a citizens' committee of upwards of one hundred, headed by John G. Berrett, Mayor of Washington, and including Thurlow Weed, Joseph Medill, B. Perley Poore, Montgomery Blair, Charles A. Dana, Horatio Seymour, Edward Everett, and Amasa G. Parker. The reception committee was composed of Senators Anthony, Douglas, and Dixon, and Representatives Corwin, Roscoe Conkling, W. C. Anderson, and others. Five thousand people were present. The President appeared at eleven, and his wife was escorted by Stephen A. Douglas.

The second inauguration of Abraham Lincoln falling upon a Saturday, and the insufficiency of festivity, which must cease at midnight, being obvious, the ball was held on the following Monday in the Patent Office, which had but recently been completed.

When General Grant was inaugurated the new wing of the Treasury Department was made to serve the purpose of a ballroom. Although music was stationed on different floors of the building, there was little facility for dancing, and the arrangements for the care of hats and coats were so defective that some people went home bareheaded, and others appropriated to themselves hats and garments which were not their own. It is remembered that much jarring resulted, and that the venerable Horace Greeley sat on the staircase in despair, and gave vent to some of the varied expletives which so often enriched his conversation when he was interested.

In the earlier days of the republic it was not customary to celebrate the second inauguration of a President with the pomp and circumstance employed upon his first induction into office, but in later days the triumphs of a re-election have found their vent in a second ball as elaborate as the first; and for General Grant's second inauguration, no building in Washington being large enough for the purpose, a temporary frame structure was erected in Judiciary Square. The night was biting cold and there was no heat in the vast building. Although the tickets of admission cost twenty dollars, a large throng was present, shivering in coats and wraps. The supper, like the guests, was almost frozen, and the people drank up all the hot coffee and chocolate, ignoring the champagne and salads. The President and his wife remained for a short time, and the ball broke up before midnight, the people being literally frozen out.

The inauguration of President Hayes stands unique in history, for almost up to the 4th of March itself the issue of the election hung in doubt, and it was not known whether Democrats or Republicans would be called upon to rejoice. Although there was a procession, it was a smaller one than usual, and there had been no time in which to elaborate the arrangements for a ball, and none was held, this making the third occasion of its omission since the origin of the custom.

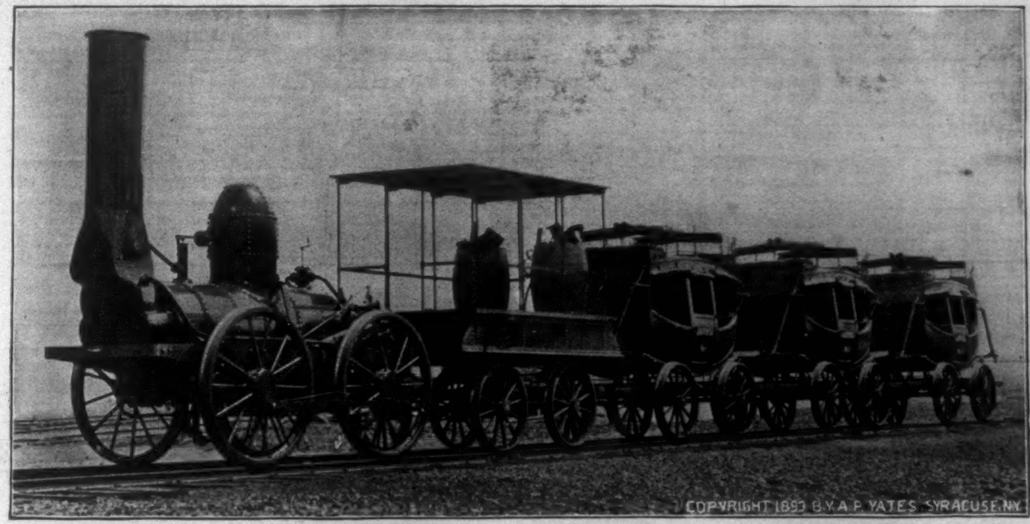
When Garfield was inaugurated, four years later, the new National Museum, just completed, offered a good place for the inauguration ball, and it was successfully held there; and when Cleveland was inaugurated, once more the ball was held in Judiciary Square, this time in the new Pension Office, which was nearing completion, and which was made available by a temporary flooring and roof. Here also, successively, the Harrison and second Cleveland balls were held, and here the ceremonies of the inauguration of William McKinley were closed. It is an enormous building of red brick, without a single artistic feature from the exterior view. Some people have likened it to a large Pennsylvania barn; others have declared it to be like the union railroad station of a growing Western town; but neither comparison is effective, for it is like nothing else in the world, and after all its sins have been enumerated it may still claim the merit of originality of appearance. But the interior of the structure is not so bad. Three tiers of galleries run about an enormous tiled space, from which rise tall brick pillars to support the roof. These pillars are covered with plaster, and were recently painted in lively imitation of marble—a material of which, from their size, they could never have been constructed. The roof, too, is a striking if not a very pleasing exhibition of frescoing. But the large space is suited to a large ball, and the whole is a splendid field for decoration with bunting and electric lights. The effect at all the balls held within it has been dazzling and magnificent, and upwards of ten thousand people can congregate there with safety and with but little crowding. And this is the same ball that was held in Long's Hotel when Madison was inaugurated, and was large and crowded because four hundred people were present!

EVOLUTION OF THE RAILROAD

Sixty-Five Years of Progress.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD"

1831 1831



The "DE WITT CLINTON" and Coaches.—First Steam Railway Train in the State of New York, on the New York Central, between Albany and Schenectady, August 9th, 1831. Maximum speed, 15 miles an hour.

1897 1897

The Empire State Express, of the New York Central, Holding the Record as the Fastest Regular Long Distance Passenger Train in the World. From a Photograph by A. P. Yates, taken when Train was Running 64 miles an hour.

This is only one of twelve great through trains leaving Grand Central Station, New York, daily for the North and West.

IN SPEED OF TRAINS

America leads all the countries of the globe. The New York Central stands at the head of American railroads.

"GOVERNMENT REPORT ON THE AVERAGE SPEED OF EUROPEAN RAILROAD TRAINS.

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 12, 1896.

"Commercial Agent T. E. Moore has made a report to the Department of State on speed of European railroads.

"The best speed of an English train is given at 63¼ miles per hour, when a record was made of 8 hours and 55 minutes between London and Aberdeen. The widespread interest caused by this wonderful performance had not ceased when news came from the United States of the record on the New York Central Railroad between New York and Buffalo, a distance of of 436½ miles, which was made in 407 minutes, or an average of 64¼ miles per hour."

The best time made by the fastest regular passenger trains of the greatest nations of the earth may be summarized as follows:

	Miles per hour.		Miles per hour.
England	51.75	Holland	44.73
Germany	51.25	Italy	42.34
France	49.88	Austria-Hungary	41.75
Belgium	45.04	New York Central	53.33

The New York Central's "Empire State Express," the most famous as well as the fastest regular train in the world, has a remarkable record. For more than four years it made its daily run of 440 miles in 520 minutes, which is at the rate of 51 miles an hour, including 4 stops and 28 slow-downs; and when that time was beaten by a regular train on one of the English lines, the time of the "Empire State Express" was quickened, so that it now makes its daily run of 440 miles in 495 minutes, which is at the rate of 53.33 miles an hour, including the 4 stops and 28 slow-downs.

WHAT THEY SAY.

During the year 1896 Germany, Russia, Japan, and China, through the highest official authorities who have ever visited this country, testified to the superiority of American railroads over those of any other country, and each acknowledged the commanding position of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad and its connections.

"Nowhere else in the world are there such fast and luxurious trains as in the United States," said Li Hung Chang.

"The speed, the comfort, the luxury of your railroads is a marvel to me," said Marquis Yamagata, Field Marshal of Japan.

"There is nothing in Europe to compare with the railroads of the United States," said Prince Hilkoff, Imperial Minister of Railways of Russia.

"In speed of trains, comforts furnished, and cheap rates of fare, the railroads of the United States not only outdo those of the German Empire, but of every other country of Europe," say the Imperial German Commissioners.

For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic, and is correctly styled by the press and people the world over, "AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

THE GERMAN EMPIRE'S OPINION OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Extract from a report of the Imperial German Commissioners:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., February 24, 1897.

"Lack of speed, lack of comforts, lack of cheap rates, are the charges brought against the German Empire's Railways by the report of the Imperial Commissioners sent a few years ago to study the United States roads.

"Of the report which has just been issued, Consul Monaghan, at Chemnitz, writes the State Department that the Commissioners went all over the Union, covering 8079 miles.

"The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is put down as one of the world's best roads, with its express train to Chicago, the "Exposition Flyer," covering 969 miles in twenty hours.

"From Leipsic to Rome, 945 miles, takes thirty-fiv. nours.

"It is only when compared with European routes and time taken that the enormous time-saving in the United States can be realized."

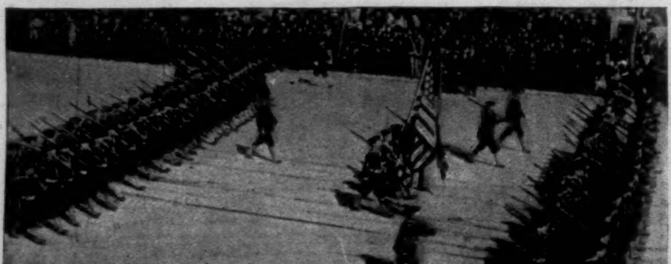
AN OBJECT LESSON.

These illustrations of the difference in time between points about the same distance apart in Europe and in the United States will perhaps be of interest:

New York to St. Louis,	1066	miles,	30	hours.
Paris to Vienna,	1068	"	40	"
New York to Buffalo,	440	"	8¼	"
Berlin to Vienna,	438	"	15	"
London to Glasgow,	396	"	9	"
Paris to Cologne,	301	"	12	"
New York to Chicago,	980	"	25	"
London to Vienna,	995	"	34	"
Paris to Rome,	905	"	34	"
Berlin to St. Petersburg,	985	"	44	"

"The Rumble of the Empire State Express is Heard Round the World."

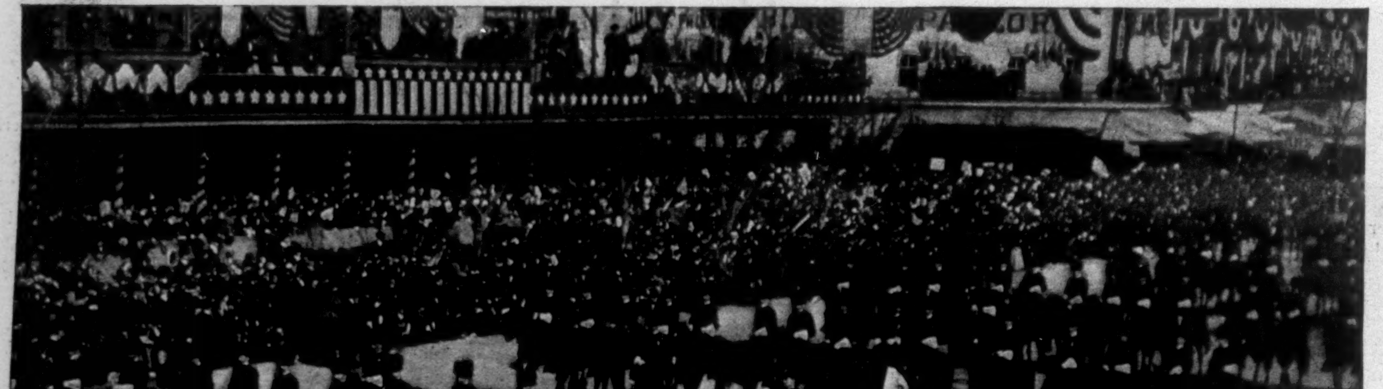
THE SEVENTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.



SAILORS FROM THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK."

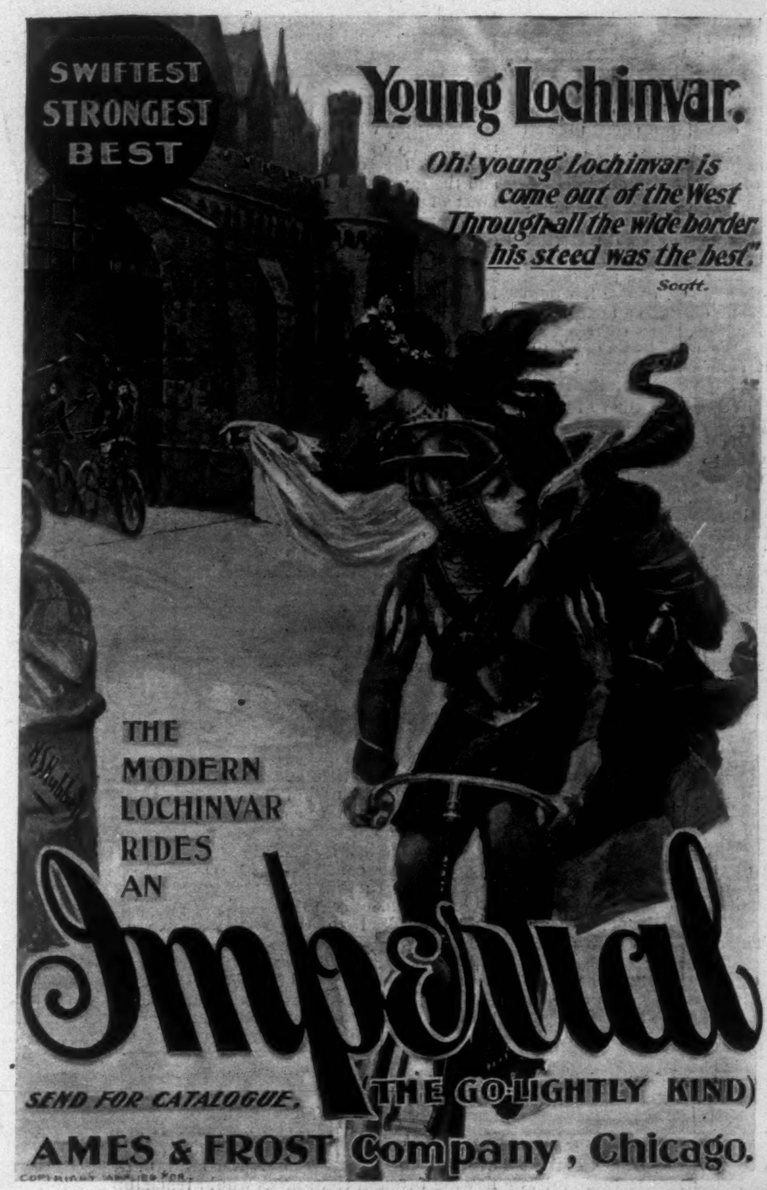
TROOP G, THIRD UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

LIGHT BATTERY D, UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.



TROOP A, CLEVELAND, OHIO—THE PERSONAL ESCORT OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY—THE PARADE ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.—[See Page 259.]



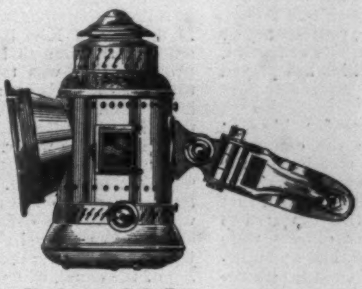
It is made by the

BURNER and the

DOUBLE-BODY FORCED DRAUGHT

Which also keeps the lamp cold.

No Cycle Lamp but the **"Happy Thought"**



has these features. In form, quality, and construction we challenge comparison, assured of a visible superiority.

Throws a strong light 50 feet.
Stays lit.
Has Head and Fork Bracket.
Finely ground Lens.
Full-nickeled Brass, riveted throughout.
Reversible Oil Tank.

Price, $4.00

Catalogue Free.

Sole Agents,
SURPLESS, DUNN & CO.,
15 Murray St., N.Y.

Made by the
HITCHCOCK LAMP CO.,
Watertown, N.Y.

OLD AND MIDDLE-AGED, AS WELL AS YOUNG PEOPLE, NOW RIDE THE WHEEL. NO ONE SADDLE CAN PLEASE THEM ALL, BUT SOME *SAGER* SADDLE SURELY SUITS, FOR THEY ARE MADE IN SIXTY STYLES OF EVERY POPULAR FORM: HEALTH, ANATOMICAL, HYGIENIC, PNEUMATIC, AND ORDINARY. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE FROM THE "MAKERS OF MOST OF THE HIGH-GRADE SADDLES," Sager, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

LONDON, February 17, 1897.

THERE seems to be some diplomatic reason why everything official in Germany should just now be hostile to the United States. I have just been glancing over the conditions made by the German Emperor for a race between Dover and Heligoland, to start on June 23. The very first paragraph states that only English yachts shall be permitted to enter, and this is obviously intended to bar out Americans. After this, all that our yachtsmen can do is to challenge the winner, and thus to prove to the world that the prize should have been open to all English-speaking nations.

I suppose that people immediately about the Emperor have sought to poison his mind against American yachtsmen, and that he has been led to generalize from the one or two specimens he has seen. Even in England there are many to-day who share the feelings of Lord Lonsdale and Lord Dunraven, and who ungenerously insinuate that American victories on the water are won less by good seamanship than by trickiness. At any rate, it is much to be regretted that American yachts cannot enter for this cup of the Emperor's, for the course is magnificent, and the reception at Kiel afterwards will no doubt be worthy of the German navy.

German official circles appear to think that the arbitration treaty proposed between England and our country is, in some way, an impertinence directed against them. Perhaps, being a military nation, they resent such a coalition of English-speaking communities not only as discouraging war to this extent, but as making the United States even more powerful as defender of the Monroe doctrine. One would suppose that a nation so filled with educated people as Germany would send up a shout of congratulation at the first step that may be regarded as an official protest against militarism. But no; the reverse is the case; and on this matter we must seek our friends in Germany amongst the extreme Liberals, represented by Dr. Barth, who has consistently, in and out of Parliament, protested against the gospel of hatred which has played so large a rôle in recent German history.

I had the good fortune yesterday of a comfortable chat with a Japanese officer who had made the campaign against China in the winter of 1894-5 as member of the headquarters staff. An Oriental is apt to be less communicative than ourselves, but in this case it happened that I had known friends of his in Japan, and this appeared to loosen his tongue. The Japanese higher officers were mainly figure-heads, it would seem, for they had no knowledge of war beyond what was known in Japan before the country was opened up to European intercourse by the revolution of 1868. But, fortunately, these figure-heads were wise enough to leave the real management of the campaign to the younger generation, who had studied their profession under the best European teachers, and who alone understood modern staff duties. My Japanese friend told me that, aside from the regular levies, there were such a large number of volunteers that the government had to refuse a large proportion of them.

If I were a Japanese I should certainly feel very angry, after having fought a victorious campaign through such a wretched country as north China, to have the fruits of my victory taken from me by Russia. The Japanese are an enormously patriotic people, and I have no doubt they will seize the first opportunity of making the Czar's government regret its interference in Korea. As one who has lost his heart in Japan, I am glad the Japanese gave up their conquest on the mainland, because of the expense incident to governing it. But if the powers of Europe come to blows in the neighborhood of the Mediterranean, then we should look to Japan's seizing upon a few islands in the Eastern seas—for instance, the Philippines—by way of compensation.

Since commencing this letter the postman brings me the *Year-Book* for 1897 of the German Imperial Yacht Club—one might almost say the German Emperor's Yacht Club, because of the large space given to his imperial Majesty's yacht the *Meteor*. As a year-book, or annual club list, this work is unique in that it publishes several accounts of yacht cruises, illustrated in a very handsome manner. The frontispiece is in colors, and represents the *Meteor* sailing a match amidst the war-ships of Kiel. The club celebrates the tenth anniversary of its foundation in this year, although it has only borne the title "Imperial Yacht Club" since 1891. Germany is very proud of it, though it is a monument less to the enterprise of Germans than to the plucky sportsman whom Heaven has sent to be their Emperor. I feel confident that if their imperial patron should to-morrow take his name off the club list, there would be a loss of membership of at least seventy-five per cent., for I recognize among the present members many familiar names of men who do not know a barnacle from a bobstay, but they patriotically wear the yachtsman's dress for the sake of encouraging the noble sport which their Emperor is popularizing.

This German club has to-day nine hundred members, one hundred and twenty yachts, and owns property to the extent of eleven thousand dollars. Having been originally founded by naval officers, with a view to encouraging a taste for handling small sailing-craft, and being situated in the chief naval harbor of Germany, the civilian yachtsman is at once struck by the predominance of the official classes over those who cultivate marine matters merely as a pastime. The club-house, for instance, is in one of the buildings devoted to the instruction of naval officers, and the civilian member of the Imperial Yacht Club approaches his reading-room with some of the uncertainty incident to trespassing. During the festive days incident to the opening of the great canal between the Baltic and the North Sea I paddled my canoe to the landing-steps leading to the Imperial Yacht Club, hauled my boat ashore, and directed my footsteps towards its headquarters. I had not gone far before I was challenged by a sentinel, who told me that I was not allowed there. I told him where I wished to go to, but that did not appear to interest him in the least; his orders were to allow no one but officers to come upon these grounds. He was a kindly disposed man, however, so I ventured to ask him how a civilian could enter his own club-house under these circumstances. He expressed abstract sympathy for me, but said that he must do his duty in expelling from the grounds all who were not officers. "Very well, then," I said, "suppose I don't go to the Imperial Yacht Club; but, instead of that, show me to the house of the commander-in-chief, on whom I wish to leave a card." He did so, and then turned upon his heel and once more paced up and down the water-front to intercept some luckless English yachtsman who might have followed my example.

I left my card at the house of the commander-in-chief, and *thence* walked straight toward the yacht club. There was another sentry on my path, but he did not molest me, because he had seen me coming from the official residence of an admiral. So I reached the club-rooms in safety, and spent a useful half-hour looking over the papers and admiring some pictures on the wall. Of course it would have appeared a very insignificant outfit to a member of the New York Yacht Club, for the whole of this German club would fit easily into the model-room of the New York headquarters; but considering that at most times of the year the Kiel club is patronized almost exclusively by officers of that station, its quarters are adequate, and have the great advantage of being economical.

That was my first and last visit to the Imperial Yacht Club. I reached my canoe in safety, paddled away into the crowd of yachts and battle-ships, and soon boarded the flag-ship of the American squadron (where I had no right whatever), with less difficulty than I had to secure admission to a yacht club of which I was a life member. The matter was merely a joke to me, for I knew that the sentinel was a mere technical obstruction to any one who was familiar with the German language and the hospitable nature of German naval officers. But it was less of a joke to other strangers who knew not a word of German, and consequently had not the means of outflanking the sentry as I did.

If any American yachts venture to Kiel during the last days of June or the early ones of July, they may expect at least a most delightful yachting neighborhood, not only in the bay of Kiel itself, but in a variety of excursions amongst the Danish islands and along the shores of the province that was taken from Denmark in 1864. The towns and harbors are exquisitely clean, the people honest and hospitable, and the shores clothed with beautiful forests and parks, which at times come directly to the edge of the water. The authorities in charge of the Baltic Canal are extremely amiable to yachtsmen, and government tugs will be on hand to help them through from one sea to the other. These Baltic waters are as yet little known even to English yachtsmen, though I have known several single-handed cruisers who have enjoyed excellent sport there; but that was before the opening of the canal, when they loaded their small boats upon a steamer's deck. "Rob Roy" Macgregor, E. F. Knight, both of these have recorded their cruises in the spirit of gratitude. The veteran canoeist and boat-designer E. B. Tredwen told me that though he himself spoke no Danish nor German, he had a most delightful summer cruising about those waters with one English companion in a little single-handed cruiser of his own design. The lighter the draft the more amusement can the yachtsman extract from such a cruise, because there are innumerable inlets where the water is very shallow, not unlike the harbors on the north side of Long Island.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE WATER FAMINE IN BROOKLYN.

BY GEORGE E. WARING, JUN., M. INST. C. E.

II.

IN a paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers (London) by Mr. William Hope, on "The Waste of Water in Public Supplies, and its Prevention," it is said that it is "as incontrovertible as it appears to be difficult to conceive" that a large portion of most public supplies is wasted or lost without the knowledge of the authorities or of the consumers. He likens the pipes and fittings supplying the community to "a rapidly leaking reservoir," from which the consumers get only the overflow, or the volume supplied in excess of the leakage. He makes this astonishing statement:

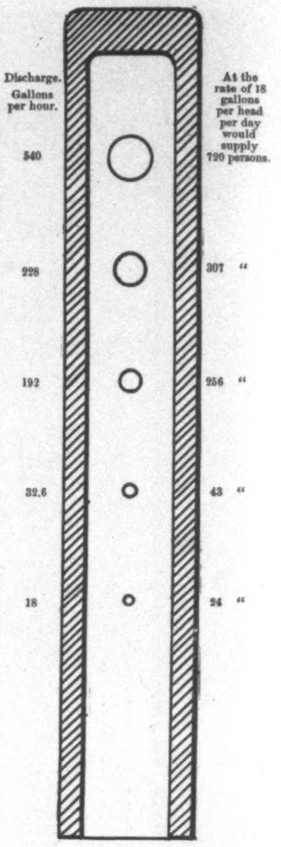
"Even now the majority of the water-undertakings of this country lose by leakage more than one-half of the total quantity of water supplied from the source. The proportion is often higher, and rises in many cases to three-fourths or more, while in comparatively new countries, such as America, Australia, and New Zealand, the proportion so lost is still greater." To show how easy it is to double or triple the demand on the source of supply by leakage he sets forth the accompanying diagram, giving the results of experiments on the flow of water through circular holes in a half-inch lead pipe under a pressure of forty-five pounds per square inch. The holes were drilled through the pipe, and the burr on the inside was not removed. He considered eighteen gallons (fifteen Imperial gallons) an "exceptionally high rate."

The leaking points in pipes and fittings, such as cracks and holes in cast-iron pipes, defects in ferrules connecting the mains with the service pipes, and splits in service pipes (all below-ground), are "almost innumerable."

The water leaking away can be detected only by special means. The leaks are individually too small to cause dampness at the surface—even in heavy soil—or to wash away the ground into sewers and drains, so as to cause a sinking of the surface. "Of larger-sized underground leaks discharging through self-made channels into sewers and drains, previously unknown examples are now frequently discovered by the waste-water-meter system. They have been detected of almost every size, even up to constantly flowing quantities sufficient for the supply of 2000 or 3000 houses."

There is a difference between the supply and the consumption. One is the whole quantity flowing from the source; the other is what reaches the consumer and is drawn for use. The waste is the difference—"the supply minus the consumption." Neither the water authority nor the consumer knows what it is.

Mr. Hope says: "It is to be particularly noted that the 'consumption' here referred to includes all lavish expenditure of water, all waste in the mode of use, all application or misapplication, the curtailment of which could possibly be regarded by the consumer as an interference with his privileges of free and unrestricted use of the supply. The water 'wasted or lost,' on the other hand, is a portion of the water-supply which cannot directly or indirectly benefit the consumer, and the saving of which must of necessity benefit everybody concerned."



RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS ON THE FLOW OF WATER THROUGH CIRCULAR HOLES IN A HALF-INCH LEAD PIPE, UNDER A PRESSURE OF 45 LBS. PER SQUARE INCH.

The report of the Chief Engineer of Brooklyn for 1895 says that the "average daily consumption" for that year was over eighty million gallons. It is quite safe to say that it was much less than half that quantity if we mean by consumption that which was actually drawn from the pipes for even the most lavish use.

It is also safe to say that an enormous quantity was drawn for no use at all—that it was mere wanton waste.

The suggestion that waste may be so prevented as to be the equivalent of an increased supply has been curiously resented by the men who ought to be among the first and the most eager to act on the evidence that this is practicable. Their attitude is not, of course, to be taken as indicating that they see their professional account in the construction of great works of extension, only that they are blind to the fact that the great reputation and success of the water-works engineer of to-day will come not from the building of enormous works to supply more water—that field has been fully exploited—but from securing, by the sealing up and utilizing of the present supply, a better result than enormous works could secure. Mr. Deacon made a reputation that any engineer might envy by his remarkable achievements in this direction.

The distribution system of every large water-supply in America is a sieve. Water is poured in at the source and dribbled away at a thousand points. Every leak, like every open faucet, weakens the head, until where water flowing through tight pipes would reach top floors, it now runs with little force at the ground-level.

Water-works are not constructed for the sub-irrigation of the site of a town, but that is their general and increasing function. Whatever else may happen, the underground leakage may be depended on twenty-four hours in the day and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. It may also be depended on to increase as time goes on and as the demand for water grows. Underground leaks rarely close up with use; they grow larger rather than smaller; and if more "head" is put on at the beginning of the pipage to get more head at remote points, every leak will be made to run faster in consequence.

Probably the individual engineer will flatter himself that in the case of his works this waste is not operative. If he is furnishing more than forty gallons per head per day, it will be wise for him to make a careful investigation before he is too sure of his immunity. The general test is not difficult to make.

There is a period of an hour or two somewhere between midnight and five in the morning when there is very little water used, unless in the case of some manufactories, whose supply can be quite closely estimated. During these five hours gaugings should be taken every fifteen minutes, the supply to the reservoir being entirely cut off. Unless the area is very large indeed, a vertical gauge-board is sufficient for the rough estimation in hand. When the time of least use is detected, it will be found by closer readings that there is then very little variation. What flows out into the distribution system during this period is practically all waste—mostly ground waste. Twenty-four times the flow of one of these hours will be the daily loss. The result will probably make the engineer rub his eyes in astonishment. Hope says this "is the first step towards producing that conviction as to the facts without which no efficient reduction of the existing loss is likely to be undertaken. When this conviction has been reached, all doubt as to the expedience of taking remedial measures will be removed."

The application of remedial measures implies means for locating leaks. The system by which this was done was initiated by Mr. Deacon in Liverpool in 1873, and its development has led to most remarkable results. Some of these are given in the following table:

AVERAGE DAILY SUPPLY PER HEAD IN IMPERIAL GALLONS.

Town.	Immediately before application of the system.	After the application of the system.	Net annual saving in money per thousand of the population.
Bath	47.70	21.00	$ 400
Carlisle	42.50	18.80	1088
Gloucester	32.00	15.00 to 16.00	427
Lambeth	33.00	18.34	639
Leamington	24.00	16.00	331
Average	35.84	17.93	$ 577

Taking the lowest rate of saving, that of Leamington, there is indicated an economy of about $350,000 per annum for the city of Brooklyn.

THE FAMOUS KOLAFRA PRODUCTS

Of the Brunswick Ph. Co.

VINO-KOLAFRA and "S. K."

THEIR NATURE AND USES

The First a Tonic-Stimulant and Strength-Maker Without Equal—The Second a Beverage that Quenches Thirst as Nothing Else Does

AN EVERY-DAY DRINK

WHAT VINO-KOLAFRA IS.

IT is a tonic-stimulant prepared from the sterculia nut, which grows wild on the west coast of Africa, where the natives have used it for ages as a source of health and strength. But they use it when *fresh*, as, owing to the volatile nature of its constituents, it soon loses its virtue after being removed from the tree. All efforts to capture its marvellous life-giving principles and make them useful in civilized countries failed until the Brunswick Ph. Co., of New York, took hold of the problem. By the employment of new processes, and by beginning their work at the very home and habitat of the tree, they succeeded. The result is Vino-Kolafra. It has all the properties of the nut, is a peculiar tonic and strengthening agent, and is considered a specific for weakness of the heart, nerves, and muscles. It has no reaction—no bad after-effects. It causes no excitement. Evidence in its favor is universal. No case has arisen in which it has even been accused of doing harm.

IN ATHLETICS.

VINO-KOLAFRA USED BY THE ATHLETES OF YALE, HARVARD, PRINCETON, CORNELL, THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

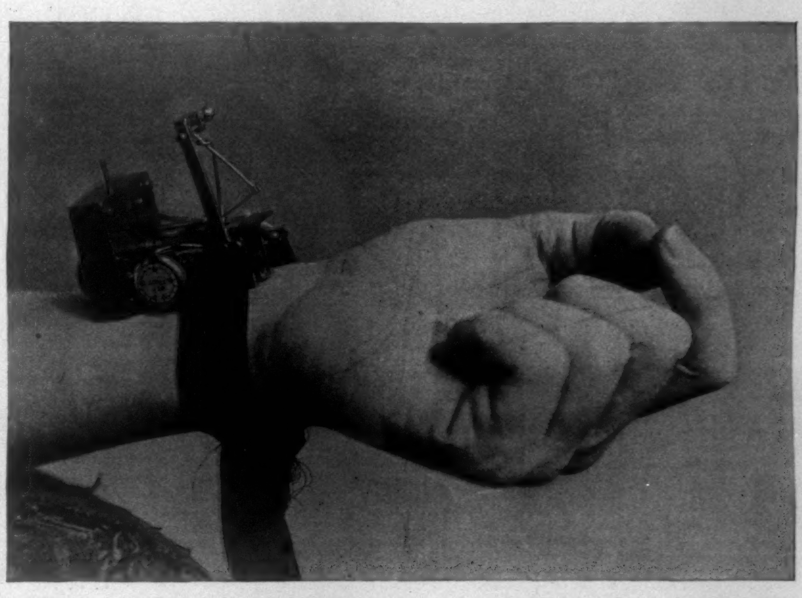
Great stress is laid upon the brilliant success attending the use of the Kolafra products—especially Vino-Kolafra—during the past year in athletic exercises of all kinds, because these tests so thoroughly demonstrate *the marvellous sustaining power* of Kolafra, and for the further reason that in athletic training and contests, from time immemorial, stimulants have been prohibited because of the depression or reaction which follows their use.

Authorities like Mr. M. C. Murphy, trainer for Yale College and for the New York Athletic Club, and Mr. Arthur T. Lumley of the New York *Illustrated News*, W. C. Bryan, and many others agree that men using Vino-Kolafra do harder work in any department of athletics than others and feel fresher afterwards. "In fact," says Mr. Murphy, "a man on this stimulant can hardly be trained tired." In common with other trainers he lays especial emphasis on the entire absence of reaction. They all affirm that it allays thirst, gently increases the action of the heart, and promotes free and deep breathing during long tours of active exercise.

HELPED WIN THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS, GREECE, LAST SPRING.

"Early last spring," writes Mr. James B. Connolly, of Boston, "I was much run down from over-study at college. When I began to train in March for the *Olympic Games* to be held in Greece in April I found myself in poor condition to start work. I tried *Vino-Kolafra* at a venture, and it *kept my energies up to the mark*. Many athletes of whom I know, amateur and professional, use it regularly in training."

"Your Vino-Kolafra," writes Mr. Thomas E. Burke, of Boston, "was recommended to me before my departure for the *Olympic Games* at Athens. I bought two bottles, and the *relief* and *strength afforded by it after a rough sea voyage was simply wonderful*. The climate of Greece tended to weaken me, and it was through the use of *Vino-Kolafra* that I had *strength to win my two events*. I commend it to all athletes and to those liable to nervous strain."



THE NON-REACTIVE CHARACTER OF KOLAFRA STIMULATION AS SHOWN BY THE SPHYGMOGRAPH (PULSE-RECORDING INSTRUMENT).

The Philadelphia *Medical Bulletin* reports a series of tests made recently for the benefit of the students of the Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, with the Sphygmograph—a pulse-recording instrument which indicates the character of the pulse by tracings on a slip of paper moved by mechanism; it thus makes a record of the heart-beat. The tracings exhibited to the students showed clearly the difference between the stimulation of alcohol and that of Vino-Kolafra. Alcoholic effects produced a high, erratic, fitful pulse, which lapsed into the feebleness of alcoholic reaction, going much below the point indicated by the machine as normal. The Vino-Kolafra pulse, however, was even and regular, gradually subsiding to the normal mark, never going below; thus proving that Vino-Kolafra as a stimulant is non-reactive. The importance of this fact cannot be overestimated, as the danger of harmful stimulants lies principally in their reactive qualities.

A REMARKABLE TONIC.

In cases of acute disease, in which other nourishment cannot be received, Vino-Kolafra is effective and easily borne. But perhaps it has a wider usefulness among chronic invalids, those convalescing from wasting illness, those who are constitutionally feeble, and those who temporarily or frequently require a tonic. The value of Vino-Kolafra in convalescence is due to the fact that it restrains the waste of animal tissues, regulates and aids digestion, and is the means of building up and strengthening the system. As no baneful reaction ever follows its use, the most delicate or conscientious may employ it without scruple or hesitation.

FOR INEBRIETY.

Vino-Kolafra is the enemy of alcohol—an antidote to it and substitute for it. It has been used for that purpose in Africa and the West Indies for centuries. It does not make sober men drunk; it makes drunken men sober. It satisfies the craving for strong drink by giving the desired stimulus without the slightest intoxicating effect. In a late number of the *Journal of Inebriety* Dr. J. D. Crothers, an expert, says: "Vino-Kolafra has been used as an antidote to the poison of alcohol, and some authorities affirm it to be a specific. In the cases treated in our institution in Hartford the effects of alcohol seemed to be neutralized and the patients improved. The respectable, every-day drinker who desires to reform, or abandon the habit, will be most profited by Vino-Kolafra. He will change from liquor to the African tonic without relapse."

A LETTER TO LORD SALISBURY.

Foreign Office to Royal Gardens, Kew.

Foreign Office, October 3.

SIR,—I am directed by the Marquis of Salisbury to transmit herewith, for your information, copy of a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Bahia, containing a report on the use and properties of the sterculia bean. I am, etc.,

(Signed) T. V. LISTER.

The Director Royal Gardens, Kew.

(Enclosure.)

Bahia, September 6, 1890.

MY LORD,—I have the honor to bring under your lordship's notice, in the event that it may prove useful to Her Majesty's War Office, the great powers of endurance and strength in lifting heavy loads and transporting them to long distances in this tropical climate possessed by the West African negroes in these parts, which personal observation and conversation with them and West African traders who visit this port enable me to attribute to the free use of the sterculia bean, which I learn is now being introduced into the French army after research, study, and experiments made at Marseilles by Dr. Heckle, Professor of Science of the Medical Academy there. These beans, which are not intoxicating and in no way injurious, act as a nutritive, quench thirst, and produce vigor and freshness. I have, etc.,

(Signed)

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS, Consul.

The Marquis of Salisbury, K. G., etc., etc.

WHAT "S. K." IS.

Sparkling Kolafra (popularly known as "S. K.") is widely different from Vino-Kolafra. Neither should be confounded with or used in place of the other. Vino-Kolafra is a condensed preparation of sterculia, containing all the properties of the nut, a distinct and positive tonic-stimulant. Sparkling Kolafra ("S. K.") is an aërated beverage, containing some, not all, of the qualities of this nut. It is prepared in very mild form for free and general consumption.

"S. K." THE DRINK OF DRINKS.

Sparkling Kolafra ("S. K.") serves all the ends of a light beverage perfectly. Among drinks, it is what the American Beauty Rose is among flowers. It pleases the senses and *quenches thirst as nothing else will*. It is absolutely non-intoxicating, and yet it is stimulating. Its stimulation is, however, peculiar to itself. It is akin to that of coffee, yet decidedly different—more agreeable and prolonged, producing none of the harmful effects of tea or coffee.

"S. K." is delightful and healthful, giving a sense of well-being not derivable from any other drink.

TO BE REMEMBERED IN WARM WEATHER BY CYCLISTS AND EVERYBODY.

Sparkling Kolafra allays thirst with *much less fluid* than any other drink—not excepting water. This important fact is best appreciated in hot weather, when none of the ordinary drinks has more than a momentary effect. At such a time, one glass of "S. K." does more good than *half a dozen of ginger-ale, lager beer, sarsaparilla, etc.*

It also vitalizes and exhilarates, counteracting the sense of lassitude and depression incident to the heated term. Briefly, Sparkling Kolafra possesses in a higher degree all the *good* qualities of other drinks, together with valuable ones of its own.

"S. K." FOR CLUBS.

All clubs will find "S. K." a delightful drink in itself and in connection with other beverages. For country and temperance clubs, restricted to soft drinks, it is indispensable. No matter how great the variety of drinks on hand, no club is perfectly equipped without Sparkling Kolafra.

OFFICERS OF THE WHITE SQUADRON DRINK "S. K."

Many of the ships of the White Squadron are supplied constantly with "S. K.," the officers preferring it to ginger-ale or any similar drink.

WHERE TO GET "S. K."

"S. K." is put up in bottles like those used for ginger-ale, and may be found at grocers', wine-merchants', hotels, clubs, cafés, and wherever drinks are sold.

BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC.

Kolafra is a brain stimulant and tonic differing from the stimulants commonly used by brain workers—that merely excite nervous action without imparting any strength.

Kolafra acts on the brain as a permanent stimulant and tonic. It stimulates the circulation, calls the nervous forces into action, increasing the vigor and power of the whole cerebral structure. It greatly assists intellectual labor, warding off fatigue, relieving the nervous strain and the wear and tear that follow brain labor.

BRUNSWICK PH. CO., 92 William Street, NEW YORK.

NIGHT closes the tired eyes and brings sleep to restless ones. The morning brings renewed strength and vigor for the work of another day. But how of those to whom the restless days are followed by restless nights and broken sleep brings no refreshing awakening?

Scott's Emulsion

does for sick people what night does for well people.

It gives refreshment and strength because it supplies the body with just the food it needs, the food to make rich blood, healthy nerves and sound digestion. . . . .

For Sale by all Druggists. 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Mfg. Chemists, New York City.

Williams

Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

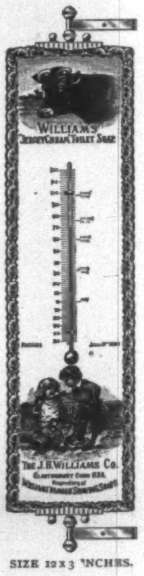
Is the result of many years of CAREFUL AND COSTLY EXPERIMENTING, and is especially recommended to all who have DELICATE SKINS, having the SOFT, HEALING EFFECT of......

SWEET, RICH CREAM.

In connection with this Soap will be given away **FREE** for a limited time only a beautiful

Transparent Window Thermometer.

Carefully packed with each dozen cakes of the soap.



SIZE 12 x 3 INCHES.

Any druggist or dealer in Soaps can supply you, but, if unable to obtain it for any reason, we will deliver to **any express office in the United States, all charges paid, a package of this Soap** (one dozen cakes), with **Thermometer**, on receipt of **$2.00.**

SAMPLE CAKE (full size), FIFTEEN CENTS, POST-PAID.
Address Department H.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.

Manufacturers for over Half a Century of Williams' Celebrated Shaving Soaps.

Acted Like Magic. The night that your sample of **Cascarets** came to me my husband was in a bad condition. He took a tablet, and it acted like magic. Hereafter we will always use your **Cascarets.**
MRS. E. S. WHITTLESEY,
7843 Winneconna Ave.,
Station P, Chicago.

Cured Her Case. I have used your Cathartic called **Cascarets,** and found them to be all that you say, and can recommend them highly. In my case they have cured a chronic case of constipation. MRS. JOE STRAUSS,
Butler, Ind.

The Only Medicine. I have used many cathartics which gave temporary relief, but **Cascarets** is the only medicine that has given full satisfaction. They do the work to perfection.
S. S. HARPER, Cottonwood, Mont.

More Power to Her Liver. I have tested **Cascarets,** and find them excellent as a liver stimulant, and shall not hesitate to recommend them to my friends.
MRS. ADAM HILD,
108 West 2d St., Muscatine, Ia.

A Railroader's Recommend. I like your **Cascarets** as a laxative. They are splendid, and I am recommending them to my friends. G. A. MOSCRIP,
Care of West Shore R. R., Clyde, N. Y.

Nicest Ever Tried. I think your **Cascarets** are the nicest remedy I ever tried. They never seem to lose their effect. Will continue to use and recommend them right along.
MRS. H. M. CONKLIN,
McPherson, Kan.

Great System Cleaners. **Cascarets** are doing good work in cleaning out my whole system. They work to perfection.
JOHN B. COLES,
No. 5 Vesey St., New York City.

Dr. Davis Prescribes Them. I have prescribed your **Cascarets** with great satisfaction in cases of pregnancy.
J. F. M. DAVIS, M.D.,
Chocolocco, Ala.

Exactly as Represented. I have used your **Cascarets** and found them exactly as represented. They give entire satisfaction.
A. A. SCHWALM, Hegins, Pa.

Cascarets Cure Colds. I have been troubled with constipation as long as I can remember. Your remedy, **Cascarets,** is the only thing that has ever done me any good. I take a tablet every two or three days. They always relieve me promptly, and since using them I feel like a new man. I do not mind a cold, for I can always work it off with **Cascarets.**
J. A. PECK, Tracy, Calif.

Gen. Cary Says They're Perfect. One **Cascaret** tablet taken at night was of more benefit to me than all the other remedies I ever tried. In other words, it was perfect. I am 82 years of age and had been constipated for twelve years and could find no relief until I tried **Cascarets.**
GEN. S. P. CARY, Cincinnati, O.

Best Ever Tried. **Cascarets** is the best remedy of the kind I have ever tried. I cannot speak of them too highly.
MRS. SYNTHA FIELDS,
Coburg, Oregon.

Saved from Torture. I was a sufferer from constipation for 20 years, and also suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles. I ran across your **Cascarets** in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal it, and to-day I am entirely free of piles and feel like a new man.
C. H. KEITZ,
1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Iowa.

The Greatest Remedy. **Cascarets** are the greatest remedy for constipation that I have ever tried. F. H. BARRELLE,
Coal Hill, Ark.

Would Go Insane Without Them. The relief I have received is so great that I'll go insane if I have another attack and no **Cascarets** as a means of relief. I'll never go on the road again without an ample supply of **Cascarets** in my satchel.
C. H. DAVIDSON,
New York City.

The Guarantee Fulfilled. Your **Cascarets** fulfilled their guarantee in my case. I am well pleased with the results.
O. W. HUMPHREY,
Washington, D. C.

A Mail Man's Mascot. This is to certify that I have used **Cascarets** in my family. We have never had anything to equal them. We find them as good as they are represented in every respect. C. H. KING,
Letter Carrier No. 9, Omaha, Neb.

Cheerfully Recommends Them. I have used **Cascarets Candy Cathartic** for constipation, and can cheerfully recommend them as an excellent cure for constipation.
MRS. WELLS PIERCE,
2223 Charles St., Omaha, Neb.

Wonderfully Good for Children. I find your **Cascarets** are wonderfully good for children. My little girl was troubled with constipation, and after taking a few doses I find they have relieved her.
MRS. WM. ROAK, Catamount, N. Y.

Little Girl Made Happy. Our little girl was troubled with constipation for over two years. **Cascarets** have cured her. We also found them the best remedy for a cold we ever used.
MR. and MRS. RALPH DU FORD,
Clayton, N. Y.

It Never Came Back. I was badly constipated when my attention was called to **Cascarets,** and using them according to directions I found great relief. For the past two weeks I have not had a return of the trouble.
L. L. ELLIN, Omaha, Neb.

Relief After Years. I have suffered from constipation for over twenty-five years, and the past few weeks I have been using **Cascarets.** They relieve me more than anything I have taken for years.
MRS. HATTIE L. HITE,
Omaha, Neb.

Easiest of all Cathartics. I thank you for the **Cascarets.** I find them the easiest of all cathartics. They are the most pleasant to take and the least disagreeable in operation. C. F. LINDSAY,
Albany, N. Y.

An Angell's Praise. I have tried hundreds and hundreds of remedies and never found anything like **Cascarets.** Since using them I feel that I am cured.
G. W. ANGELL, Burlington, Wash.

Turn Pain to Pleasure. I cannot think of language to express my congratulations to you for the discovery of your great remedy, **Cascarets.** Since taking the tablets I sleep well, and consider the benefits worth five times the amount invested. It is such a pleasure to be free of those distressing griping pains which I have heretofore experienced in the use of like remedies.
A. J. PENNOCK,
Box 374, Napoleon, O.

Write Him about It. I have received great benefit from the use of your **Cascarets.** I was troubled with constipation a great deal. After using one box of **Cascarets** I found myself greatly benefited, and purchased one dollar's worth. I found my old malady gone, and have not been troubled with any constipation since using **Cascarets.** You can refer to me at any time in regard to your remedy. B. F. GUYNAN,
386 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.

One Box Did It. I used one box of your **Cascarets** and it did me more good than all the similar remedies I have taken in two years for dyspepsia and constipation.
URIAH H. OWINGS, Mexico, Mo.

Moore's Martyrdom. I suffered from constipation for 28 years, and I find in **Cascarets** the best preparation that I have ever used.
H. L. MOORE,
1801 Cora Place, St. Louis, Mo.

Smith Saved. I was troubled for years with constipation, but after using your valuable remedy, **Cascarets,** I find myself perfectly cured.
ANDREW SMITH,
Huntington, Ind.

A Grateful Dress-maker. To say that your **Cascarets** are good only draws it mildly. They are the finest thing I have ever taken, and I have tried almost everything. One of my friends, a dress-maker, who was troubled with her bowels and stomach very much couldn't thank me enough for having recommended **Cascarets** to her.
CATHERINE LANPHEAR,
520 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Away Down in Dixie. I am so well pleased with the way **Cascarets** acted that I enclose one dollar for some more.
CHAS. J. CRANTZ,
Dade City, Fla.

QUEEN ELIZABETH DESIRES AN AXE AND ONE HOUR OF HER OLDEN POWER.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.*

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,

VI.—A CONFERENCE BELOW-STAIRS.

WHEN, with a resounding slam, the door to the upper deck of the House-boat was shut in the faces of queens Elizabeth and Cleopatra by the unmannerly Kidd, these ladies turned and gazed at those who thronged the stairs behind them in blank amazement, and the heart of Xanthippe, had one chosen to gaze through that diaphanous person's ribs, could have been seen to beat angrily.

Queen Elizabeth was so excited at this wholly novel attitude towards her regal self that, having turned, she sat down plump upon the floor in a most unroyal fashion.

"Well!" she ejaculated. "If this does not surpass everything! The idea of it! Oh, for one hour of my olden power, one hour of the axe, one hour of the block!"

"Get up," retorted Cleopatra, "and let us all return to the billiard-room and discuss this matter calmly. It is quite evident that something has happened of which we wotted little when we came aboard this craft."

"That is a good idea," said Calpurnia, retreating below. "I can see through the window that we are in motion. The vessel has left her moorings, and is making considerable headway down the stream, and the distinctly masculine voices we have heard are indications to my mind that the ship is manned, and that this is the result of design rather than of accident. Let us below."

Elizabeth rose up and readjusted her ruff, which in the excitement of the moment had been forced to assume a position about her forehead which gave one the impression that its royal wearer had suddenly donned a sombrero.

"Very well," she said. "Let us below; but oh, for the axe!"

"Bring the lady an axe," cried Xanthippe, sarcastically. "She wants to cut somebody."

The sally was not greeted with applause. The situation was regarded as being too serious to admit of humor, and in silence they filed back into the billiard-room, and arranging themselves in groups, stood about anxiously discussing the situation.

"It's getting rougher every minute," sobbed Ophelia. "Look at those pool-balls!" These were in very truth chasing each other about the table in an extraordinary fashion. "And I wish I'd never followed you horrid new creatures on board!" the poor girl added, in an agony of despair.

"I believe we've crossed the bar already!" said Cleopatra, gazing out of the window at a nasty choppy sea that was adding somewhat to the disquietude of the fair gathering. "If this is merely a joke on the part of the Associated Shades, it is a mighty poor one, and I think it is time it should cease."

"Oh, for an axe!" moaned Elizabeth, again.

"Excuse me, your Majesty," put in Xanthippe. "You said that before, and I must say it is getting tiresome. You couldn't do anything with an axe. Suppose you had one. What earthly good would it do you, who were accustomed to doing all your killing by proxy? I don't believe, if you had the unmannerly person who slammed the door in your face lying prostrate upon the billiard-table here, you could hit him a square blow in the neck if you had a hundred axes. Delilah might as well cry for her scissors, for all the good it would do us in our predicament. If Cleopatra had her asp with her it might be more to the purpose. One deadly little snake like that let loose on the upper deck would doubtless drive these boors into the sea, and even then our condition would not be bettered, for there isn't any of us that can sail a boat. There isn't an old salt among us."

"Too bad Mrs. Lot isn't along," giggled Marguerite de Valois, whose Gallic spirits were by no means overshadowed by the unhappy predicament in which she found herself.

"I'm here," piped up Mrs. Lot. "But I'm not that kind of a salt."

"I am present," said Mrs. Noah. "Though why I ever came I don't know, for I vowed the minute I set my foot on Ararat that dry land was good enough for me, and that I'd never step aboard another boat as long as I lived. If, however, now that I am here, I can give you the benefit of my nautical experience, you are all perfectly welcome to it."

"I'm sure we're all very much obliged for the offer," said Portia, "but in the emergency which has arisen we cannot say how much obliged we are until we know what your experience amounted to. Before relying upon you we ought to know how far that reliance can go—not that I lack confidence in you, my dear madam, but that in an hour of peril one must take care to rely upon the oak, not upon the reed."

"The point is properly taken," said Elizabeth, "and I wish to say here that I am easier in my mind when I realize that we have with us so level-headed a person as the lady who has just spoken. She has spoken truly and to the point. If I were to become queen again, I should make her my attorney-general. We must not go ahead impulsively, but look at all things in a calm, judicial manner."

"Which is pretty hard work with a sea like this on," remarked Ophelia, faintly, for she was getting a trifle sallow, as indeed she might, for the House-boat was beginning to roll tremendously, with no alleviation save an occasional pitch, which was an alleviation only in the sense that it gave variety to their discomfort. "I don't believe a chief justice could look at things calmly and in a judicial manner if he felt as I do."

"Poor dear!" said the matronly Mrs. Noah, sympathetically. "I know exactly how you feel. I have been there myself. The fourth day out I and my whole family were in the same condition, except that Noah, my husband, was so very far gone that I could not afford to yield. I nursed him for six days before he got his sea-legs on, and then succumbed myself."

"But," gasped Ophelia, "that doesn't help me—"

"It did my husband," said Mrs. Noah. "When he heard that the boys were seasick too, he actually laughed and began to get better right away. There is really only one cure for the *mal de mer*, and that is the fun of knowing that somebody else is suffering too. If some of you ladies would kindly yield to the seductions of the sea, I think we could get this poor girl on her feet in an instant."

Unfortunately for poor Ophelia, there was no immediate response to this appeal, and the unhappy young woman was forced to suffer in solitude.

"We have no time for untimely diversions of this sort," snapped Xanthippe, with a scornful glance at the suffering Ophelia, who, having retired to a comfortable lounge at an end of the room, was evidently improving. "I have no sympathy with this habit some of my sex seem to have acquired of succumbing to an immediate sensation of this nature."

"I hope to be pardoned for interrupting," said Mrs. Noah, with a great deal of firmness, "but I wish Mrs. Socrates to understand that it is rather early in the voyage for her to lay down any such broad principle as that, and for her own sake to-morrow, I think it would be well if she withdrew the sentiment. There are certain things about a sea-voyage that are more or less beyond the control of man or woman, and any one who chides that poor suffering child on yonder sofa ought to be more confident than Mrs. Socrates can possibly be that within an hour she will not be as badly off. People who live in glass houses should not throw dice."

"I shall never yield to anything so undignified as seasickness, let me tell you that," retorted Xanthippe. "Furthermore, the proverb is not as the lady has quoted it. 'People who live in glass houses should not throw stones' is the proper version."

"I was not quoting," returned Mrs. Noah, calmly. "When I said that people who live in glass houses should not throw dice, I meant precisely what I said. People who live in glass houses should not take chances. In assuming with such vainglorious positiveness that she will not be seasick, the lady who has just spoken is giving tremendous odds, as the boys used to say on the Ark

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2094.

"THE COMMITTEE ON TREACHERY IS READY TO REPORT," SAID DELILAH, RISING FROM HER CORNER.

when we gathered about the table at night and began to make small wagers on the day's run."

"I think we had better suspend this discussion," suggested Cleopatra. "It is of no immediate interest to any one but Ophelia, and I fancy she does not care to dwell upon it to any great length. It is more important that we should decide upon our future course of action. In the first place, the question is who these people up on deck are. If they are the members of the club, we are all right. They will give us our scare, and land us safely again at the pier. In that event it is our womanly duty to manifest no concern, and to seem to be aware of nothing unusual in the proceeding. It would never do to let them think that this joke has been a good one. If, on the other hand, as I fear, we are the victims of some horde of ruffians, who have pounced upon us unawares, and are going into the business of abduction on a wholesale basis, we must meet treachery with treachery, strategy with strategy. I, for one, am perfectly willing to make every man on board walk the plank, having confidence in the seawomanship of Mrs. Noah and her ability to steer us into port."

"I am quite in accord with these views," put in Madame Récamier, "and I move you, Mrs. President, that we organize a series of subcommittees—one on treachery, with Lucretia Borgia and Delilah as members; one on strategy, consisting of Portia and Queen Elizabeth; one on navigation, headed by Mrs. Noah; with a final subcommittee on reconnoitre, with Cassandra to look forward, and Mrs. Lot to look aft—all of these subordinated to a central committee of safety headed by Cleopatra and Calpurnia. The rest of us can then commit ourselves and our interests unreservedly to these ladies, and proceed to enjoy ourselves without thought of the morrow."

"I second the motion," said Ophelia, "with the amendment that Madame Récamier be appointed chair-lady of another subcommittee, on entertainment."

The amendment was accepted, and the motion put. It was carried with an enthusiastic aye, and the organization was complete.

The various committees retired to the several corners of the room to discuss their individual lines of action, when a shadow was observed to obscure the moonlight which had been streaming in through the window. The faces of Calpurnia and Cleopatra blanched for an instant, as, immediately following upon this apparition, a large bundle was hurled through the open port into the middle of the room, and the shadow vanished.

"Is it a bomb?" cried several of the ladies at once.

"Nonsense!" said Madame Récamier, jumping lightly forward. "A man doesn't mind blowing a woman up, but he'll never blow himself up. We're safe enough in that respect. The thing looks to me like a bundle of illustrated papers."

"That's what it is," said Cleopatra, who had been investigating. "It's rather a discourteous bit of courtesy, tossing them in through the window that way, I think, but I presume they mean well. Dear me," she added, as, having untied the bundle, she held one of the open papers up before her, "how interesting! All the latest Paris fashions. Humph! Look at those sleeves, Elizabeth. What an impregnable fortress you would have been with those sleeves added to your ruffs!"

"I should think they'd be very becoming," put in Cassandra, standing on her tiptoes and looking over Cleopatra's shoulder. "That Watteau isn't bad, either, is it, now?"

"No," remarked Calpurnia. "I wonder how a Watteau back like that would go on my blue alpaca?"

"Very nicely," said Elizabeth. "How many gores has it?"

"Five," observed Calpurnia. "One more than Cæsar's toga. We had to have our costumes distinct in some way."

"A remarkable hat, that," nodded Mrs. Lot, her eye catching sight of a Virot creation at the top of the page.

"Reminds me of Eve's description of an autumn scene in the garden," smiled Mrs. Noah. "Gorgeous in its foliage, beautiful thing; though I shouldn't have dared wear one in the Ark, with all those hungry animals browsing about the upper and lower decks."

"I wonder," remarked Cleopatra, as she cocked her head to one side to take in the full effect of an attractive summer gown—"I wonder how that waist would make up in blue crépon, with a yoke of lace and a stylishly contrasting stock of satin ribbon?"

"It would depend upon how you finished the sleeves," remarked Madame Récamier. "If you had a few puffs of rich brocaded satin set in with deeply folded pleats it wouldn't be bad."

"I think it would be very effective," observed Mrs. Noah, "but a trifle too light for general wear. I should want some kind of a wrap with it."

"It does need that," assented Elizabeth. "A wrap made of passementerie and jet, with a mousseline de soie ruche about the neck held by a *chou*, would make it fascinating."

"The committee on treachery is ready to report," said Delilah, rising from her corner, where she and Lucretia Borgia had been having so animated a discussion that they had failed to observe the others crowding about Cleopatra and the papers.

"A little sombre," said Cleopatra. "The corsage is effective, but I don't like those basque terminations. I've never approved of those full godets—"

"The committee on treachery," remarked Delilah again, raising her voice, "has a suggestion to make."

"I can't get over those sleeves, though," laughed Helen of Troy. "What is the use of them?"

"They might be used to get Greeks into Troy," suggested Madame Récamier.

"The committee on treachery," roared Delilah, thoroughly angry by the absorption of the chairman and others, "has a suggestion to make. This is the third and last call."

"Oh, I beg pardon," cried Cleopatra, rapping for order. "I had forgotten all about our committees. Excuse me, Delilah. I—ah—was absorbed in other matters. Will you kindly lay your pattern—I should say your plan—before us?"

"It is briefly this," said Delilah. "It has been suggested that we invite the crew of this vessel to a chafing-dish party, under the supervision of Lucretia Borgia, and that she—"

The balance of the plan was not outlined, for at this point the speaker was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door, its instant opening, and the appearance in the doorway of that ill-visaged ruffian Captain Kidd.

"Ladies," he began, "I have come here to explain to you the situation in which you find yourselves. Have I your permission to speak?"

The ladies started back, but the chairman was equal to the occasion.

"Go on," said Cleopatra, with queenly dignity, turning to the interloper; and the pirate proceeded to take the second step in the nefarious plan upon which he and his brother ruffians had agreed, of which the tossing in through the window of the bundle of fashion papers was the first.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

The question of Byron, of his rightful place in the opinions and affections of the world, is one that persistently asks itself, and I do not suppose that the notes of Mr. William Ernest Henley to the letters of Byron dating from 1804 to 1813, will come much nearer answering it to the entire satisfaction of the reader than any or all earlier replies. But they form, with the letters, the first volume of a new edition of Byron's works, and they certainly interest one afresh in him, if they do not appease one's impatience for a last judgment concerning him.

I.

I may as well say at once, that I do not like Mr. Henley so well in criticism as I do in poetry. I often like him as a poet very much, but as a critic he seems to me overbumptious, and in these notes he is apt to arrive with a thing that one had known before, and bestow it upon one with the air of imparting a massive and novel discovery. He has then the habit of shouting out "More:" as if there had been a great deal of important matter already, and of adding a sentence or a paragraph which is seldom so enriching as one has been led to expect. I dare say this swagger does him injustice, and that he has often something new to say which you must refuse to accept as new because of his prepotent manner. At the best it certainly suggests a defect of temperament, and does him a hurt which I fancy he will not mind.

The worst of it is that it does Byron a hurt, too, and Byron is not alive not to mind it. The time had come for something judicial concerning him: a calm, dispassionate, and conscientious charge, with instructions upon points of moral law, which we, being on our oaths, could not disregard in rendering our verdict according to the facts. The facts are very simple, and are now so fairly well ascertained, that I do not think much light can be thrown upon them by that study of Byron's environment which Mr. Henley promises the whole body of his notes shall form; his environment also is now pretty well ascertained. I myself think that Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson's Life of the Real Lord Byron is such a summing up as I have been imagining, and I can best praise Mr. Henley's notes by saying that they have not affected the impression left with me by that admirable book, though I have no doubt that they represent a vast deal of careful research and thorough knowledge. Even with regard to Leigh Hunt, Mr. Henley's pitiless portrait of that flabby friend of man, with his instinctive tendency to feed upon his more fortunate beneficiaries, does not differ essentially from Jeaffreson's sketch in his study of the two poets' relations. For a poet Leigh Hunt was, after all, and a poet of a certain delicate and genuine charm, with moments of superiority in his subtlety to the far greater poet that Byron was; and I am going to say that a man of finer nature than Byron (like Shelley, for instance) would not have had his pleasure in finally disappointing a sponge. Indeed, sponge for sponge, I am not sure that a lord who lived upon the rents of lands which he did not till was living any more rightfully than the man who lived upon him.

II.

But Byron, whatever he was, was assuredly not a fine nature. You may count his environment for all you will, and it was brutal and vulgar enough to make out a case for the defence of almost any one in it; but still the fact remains that never was so rare a liquor lodged in so coarse a cruse; never was so noble a spirit pent in a nature so ignoble. Nobody blames Byron now for what he was; hardly anybody would blame him in the old way for what he did. Heredity would account for him in one case, and environment would account for him in the other so far that the modern man would be quite willing to leave him to the modern man's God. It would have been a wonder if he had not been what he was with the mother and father he had: a sort of fury married for her money by a sort of satyr. It would have been strange if in the world where he was flattered and fondled, and then in the outer world where he was cast in shame and ignominy, his nature had not triumphed over his spirit, and characterized the work which will probably remain his monument. Yet when we have made every allowance, and when we have held our hands, and bidden ourselves take thought of circumstances and conditions until we have chastened our self-righteousness into consciousness of potential wrong in ourselves as great as his, still we cannot say that he did not do wrong.

How much wrong he did we should not now like to risk saying; we feel that it is not quite for us to say, though for whom it is to say is another matter. It would hardly, at this day, be a question of how far he had undermined faith, but how far he had undermined conduct; and probably his most crying sin will always be found to be that in his greatest poem he dealt falsely and to the enduring harm of all who give themselves up to his magic. This is the greatest of all pities; but no candid man can deny that the question of Lord Byron is ultimately the question of Don Juan; or that the thought of this is what first comes into the mind at mention of the poet's name. He is condemned to eternal association with a work whose beauties are seen through the shimmer of its putrescence, and whose infamy no poet of a later time would accept for the sake of his fame. Byron is no longer a god, Byron is no longer a devil; but he was undoubtedly guilty of sin against the light which was in him.

III.

His sin was largely a part of his pose, which was so largely a part of himself; and it must not be taken too seriously in making up a judgment of his character. He has been very much misjudged because he has been taken too seriously for good as well as for evil. Because he was turbulent and rebellious, it was imagined that he was liberal; because he was splendid and profuse, it was believed that he was generous; and he was always suffering from these misconceptions, both in his friends and in his foes. The truth is that Byron was always an aristocrat with very feudal principles and instincts; and though he gave his money and at last his life to the cause of Greek liberty, he died as distinctly for Byron as for Greece. There was a persistent boyishness in his nature, and with all his greatness he had few hours of maturity. His birth, his place, his experience, bred in him a youthful egotism which he never could put from him in his relations with others. He was not a judge of men or books, and his rash and coarse estimate of Keats was of the same quality as his estimate of Hunt. The texture of his strenuous mind was loose and rough; his work, except in rare and fortunate moments, had defects such as mark that of no other eminent poet; in his most magnificent passages he had touches of astonishing cheapness; he wore stage jewels over his cloth of gold. But he had bursts of true feeling amidst his tawdriest declamation, and he gave proofs of real thinking in conditions which were alien even to any appearance of thinking.

IV.

What Byron's life was the world now pretty thoroughly knows. The world knew pretty thoroughly what it was as soon as the mist of fable which he liked to cloud himself in was cleared away. We need not believe the worst of him to believe that it was a bad life, if the words good and bad have any meaning at all; we need not even believe the evil that he was weakly and perversely willing we should believe, to believe that his life was bad. It might have been better or worse than other lives that are less known; its relative badness may be still uncertain, but there is no uncertainty as to its positive badness if tried by the criterions of any civilized people. It shocked the naïve immorality of the Italians as well as the carefully guarded hypocrisy of the English. He may have been the best of his race, and have been the victim of heredity in what, for want of a more accurate term, must be called his wickedness; but as to his environment there was no reason, and in the last analysis no excuse, for his not leading a good life in either the London or the Venice of his day.

We have long done with all this, however, and I think nothing in Mr. Henley's notes, in this first volume, will disturb the fact as it rests in men's minds. I do not know whether he at all seeks to disturb it, and I do not know that he seeks, or will hereafter seek, to reform the opinions of those who think as poorly of the poetry as of the propriety of Byron. There can always be two opinions of the one if not of the other. It was in fact both very good and very bad, though it never was of the best or of the worst. As long as the mood of his generation prevailed (and it prevailed far into the next) there was no doubt of his supremacy as a poet; but then people began to have their doubts, and the second thoughts of criticism concerning him have been very sober. I fancy that in no part of the world where readers are native to English is the old admiration of Byron untempered by misgiving; though I believe that on the Continent, where they read him at second hand in their various versions, he is still regarded as a first-rate genius, just as Poe, on a smaller scale, is regarded as a first-rate genius. But apparently neither a genius nor a gentleman can be perfectly felt from civilization to civilization, and I should rather trust the Anglo-Saxon estimate of Byron in all respects. This estimate, touching his poetry, seems lastingly to be that it is not so deep as it is swift; not so rich as it is splendid; not so potent as it is vehement; not so fine as it is grand; not so true as it is effective. In fact it is, when matched with the very greatest poetry, not poetry at all, but eloquence. This conclusion, however, follows from a method of criticism which I believe false when it leaves the study of kinds and comes to the analysis of qualities. There the comparative method seems to fail, for in its qualities, the properties that difference it from another, a thing is incomparable. You must somehow judge it for what it is, not for what it is like or unlike. The test for Byron's poetry is not the poetry of some one else, but the effect of its appeal to your own heart or mind. If the critic can clear the way for this, he will have done his highest office; and if Mr. Henley can reason his readers into a perfectly judicial frame, he will not, perhaps, enrich us with the possession of a first-class poet where now we are sure only of the first poet of the second class, but he will certainly enable us to decide for ourselves, where we still hesitate, and that often is the great matter.

V.

I venture to suggest that as a sort of stimulant to his faith in Mr. Henley's qualifications for this task the reader turn to his "Book of Verses" and refresh his sense of Mr. Henley's own quality as a poet. That is what I have done, since this writing began, and I find myself much more inclined to be of his mind, though I do not yet care to be of his manner. I do not wish to commit him to my admiration of it, especially in that part of it called In Hospital; but I do not believe any critic will deny that it is not because Byron was, but because the poets unlikest Byron were, that poetry of the fine and sensitive temper of Mr. Henley's could be.

After all, the main reason why we can now be patient with either Byron or his poetry is that we have outgrown them both. Yet the world is a wiser world than it was when it condemned them wholesale, and it should be able to distinguish, to extenuate, to blame with due exception, and to admire with due reservation. A greater critic than any other has been silently at work on Byron, and time has pretty finally established his place in our literature as that of a poet who was a master, but not among the greatest masters.

W. D. HOWELLS.

Have you seen the Victor Road Racer?

The date on it is January 20th, 1897. You will appreciate this date and its newness after you have seen the wheel.

It not only contains "Victor grade" material and "Victor grade" workmanship all the way through, but it has all the latest little touches which bring a bicycle up to date.

It has the latest fad,—the new thing,—which not only gives all that the past has suggested but many points which are found nowhere else.

Expert road riders will fall in love with it.

In looking at it remember that the Company invites you to examine it bit by bit. In fact, this is our favorite way of showing Victor bicycles.

We believe in making riders intelligent concerning that which they are to buy.

See the Victor Road Racer with both eyes, both hands, both feet, before you buy a bicycle for '97. If you do, you will be glad of it.

Our catalog on application.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

NEW YORK. BOSTON. SAN FRANCISCO.

DETROIT. DENVER. PORTLAND, ORE.

P.S. Did you know that the Overman Wheel Co. built Safety Bicycles in '87, which was one year sooner than any other American bicycle maker? The Victor Road Racer is the concentrated experience of ten years in safety construction.

We are the oldest American makers of Safety Bicycles.

PERFECTION IN BREWING IS REACHED IN AMERICA
HAD BEEN SICK
I met him sturdily trudging along, his color good, his clear eyes having that tranquil steadiness which speaks of strength and great reserve power. "I thought you were flat on your back," I said. "I was," he answered, "but as soon as the crisis came, I began to take
PABST MALT EXTRACT
THE "BEST" TONIC.
It put new life into me, brought back color, appetite, strength and health. It's marvelous for building one up after sickness. It gives vim and bounce, I tell you."
"I have taken time to give PABST MALT EXTRACT, The "Best" Tonic, a proper examination, and am pleased to inform you that I think it is the cleanest, chemically the purest and in sickness the best I ever used."
JOHN T. SIMPSON, M. D.
President International Medical Parliament, Paris.
PABST MILWAUKEE
B
TRADE MARK
MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO
POCAHONTAS
BINNER CHICAGO

VIEW FROM THE CORNER OF THE COMMON, LOOKING TOWARD THE NEW HOTEL TOURAINE, SHOWING WRECK OF THE MOUNT AUBURN (CAMBRIDGE) CAR.

PART OF THE WRECK.

THE WRECKED FRONT OF THE PELHAM BUILDING, CORNER OF BOYLSTON AND TREMONT STREETS.

VIEW FROM THE PELHAM BUILDING, LOOKING TOWARD THE MASONIC TEMPLE, TAKEN TWENTY MINUTES AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

THE DISASTROUS EXPLOSION IN BOSTON, MARCH 4, CORNER OF TREMONT AND BOYLSTON STREETS.—[SEE PAGE 258.]

AMATEUR SPORT

CONCERNING GOLF GREENS.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

In spite of the croakings of those who said that the popularity of cycling was likely to sap the popularity of golf, golf greens continue to be laid out in every likely and unlikely corner of our little British Islands. The truth is that the popularity of cycling itself as a pastime is already a little on the wane, though as a save-time it is bound to stay. And one of its ways of saving time is in taking the golfer to his links more quickly than any other means of going. So far it is a direct aid to the S. P. G.—the Society for the Propagation of Golf. Also, cycling is not much of a wet-weather game, whereas golf is an all-weather game. Two new departures marking advances of golf in popular favor are in evidence in London. The first is a dining-club of fifty members, formed on the model of the dining department of the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers. These latter dine once a month together, during the winter, and make "dinner matches," as they are called. The matches are entered by the recorder of the society in a book kept for the purpose. In order that no frivolous or silly matches may be made, it is *de rigueur* that each person taking part in them should bet at least two pounds with his opponent or one of his opponents. A match made at one dinner must be played off and the bets settled before the date of the next dinner, or the committee of the club will "know the reason why." This, roughly, is the way of the "dinner matches" of the old Honorable Company. The London club has followed its methods in all particulars save that it is content with a minimum bet of one pound instead of two—perhaps a salutary reduction. One ought to get fun enough out of the game without a bet at all, but betting in moderation can hurt no one and gives satisfaction to some. The other golfing scheme with elements of novelty in it that is afloat in London is by no means on so small a scale; it comprises no less than three separate greens, all to be the property of one and the same club, namely—Raynes Park (a green so close to London that a man may train down to it in half an hour, if he have a free morning or afternoon); secondly, a green in the neighborhood of Woking (at such a distance from town that it can be scarcely worth going to for less than a whole day's golf); and finally a sea-side green on some part or other, not yet quite determined, of the south or east coast. The scheme is no doubt extensive, but it is in the hands of practical people, and there is every prospect that it will take successful shape. Raynes Park itself is a pleasant and interesting course in the summer, but its soil is of a very clayey nature, and in consequence becomes almost unplayable in the wet weather. But the country about Woking is all of that light, almost sandy soil in which rhododendrons and Scotch firs especially love to grow. This is, of all inland soils, the kind that gives the best golf, and its characteristics are those that the prudent prospector of a golf course in Great Britain, in America, and all the world over will first look out for. Provided the soil be light—such at least is our experience over here—all things are possible, no matter what growth or what sterility appears on the surface of the soil. Perhaps in America you are more bothered by sterility—by the difficulty of getting grass to grow—than we are; but it is a difficulty that we have always overcome fairly satisfactorily by the sinking of an artesian well at each putting-green. Of course where two or three greens lie closely adjacent one well is enough to serve them all.

But, again, in laying out new links we often find ourselves encumbered by the growth of flora at present apparent; and there is a case in the neighborhood of Woking which should teach the most sceptical that, provided the essential condition of light soil be present, there need be no despair of making a fair golf-ground; for all the ground that is now played over by the members of the Bayfleet Golf Club, near Woking, or at least a great portion of it, was covered only a year or two ago by fir-trees. But the soil was remarkably sandy, and once the fir-trees were removed, it was thought that golf might be played in their place. The result has been remarkable. The fir-trees are gone, great avenues being hewn or uprooted through the woods, and down these avenues goes the golfer whose driving is "sure," while he whose driving is merely "far" is constantly heard with his ball "tap-tapping" like a woodpecker on the trunks of the trees on either side. It is an amusing course, because it is so necessary to keep straight upon it, and it has the further advantage that no stress of golfing niblick or iron-shod boot or most lurid profanity is likely ever to wear away these uncompromising fir-trees, as whins and other more insignificant hazards are apt to be worn away, and so leave the holes defenceless and without interest. The ground between the fir-trees is gradually beginning to afford good lies, and the whole course provides not only pleasant golf, but also a wonderfully good object-lesson in the possibility of constructing golf links out of the least promising materials. But the light soil must be there if the ground is to be playable at all in wet weather, and even in dry weather this clayey soil is apt to get so sun-baked that on some courses we wot of it has been found necessary to pass a special rule allowing lifting without penalty from "sun-cracks." The passing of such a rule is a vivid commentary on the features of the course. We all know the terror of the old Scottish lady's description of the farm she rented as made up of ground that "girns a' summer and greets a' winter." It is cruelly descriptive of some of our inland greens. May we all be delivered from this "girning and greeting" soil and the necessity of lifting out of the wrinkles of its most sardonic "grins"!

For the rest, the laying out of a golf course is a wonderfully easy business, needing very little special training. Naturally you will have an eye for the level places and nicely guarded places for your putting-greens, giving room for the approaching player to pitch his ball beyond the hazard without running over the green—that is, provided he really does "pitch" it, with a loft and a little cut. At first it is not well to make your distances too great. It is unkind and unfair to ask a man to play a long-record shot up to the hole, unless you give him a chance of a fair lie from which to play it. But you should lay out your holes with a view of increasing the distances later, when the lies shall have got better. And in this connection it is well to remember that after your course has been played on a while the turf will grow firmer, and the ball will consequently run further than when you first laid out the course, which will then become virtually shorter. People are perhaps apt to bother themselves too much about the teeing-grounds on a new course, when they might be more usefully occupied. The condition of the teeing-ground is of peculiarly little importance, simply because it *is* a teeing-ground, and the ball may be *teed* on it. There is scarcely any bit of decently mown ground so uneven that you cannot find on it a good foothold and a good spot for the tee.

IN-DOOR GOLF.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

To the zealous golfer of these Northern latitudes the winter solstice is indeed the season of his discontent. It is true that most of the courses around New York city are nominally open for play all winter long, but practically the first deep snowfall puts an end to the sport. Snow rules and red balls are only makeshifts, and golf on frozen ground may be a healthful exercise, but its practice does not conduce to the acquirement of good form nor to the long life of the wooden clubs, and putting becomes a lost art when it must be executed over temporary greens whose surfaces are alternately a glare of ice or a sea of mud. Golf is hardly worth the playing under such limitations; or, rather, it is not golf at all, but a certain fearful whanging at an immovable object, ycleped the "gutty," accompanied by much club-smashing and unparliamentary language. Of course there is Lakewood, not to mention the Southern courses at Aiken and Thomasville, but, alas! the sordid demands of the daily bread-winning cannot be wholly ignored, and the ordinary golfer, unlike the lilies of the field, must perforce toil and spin if he would outrival Solomon in all the glory of next summer's red coat and parti-colored stockings. Lakewood and the South are for the man of leisure; his work-a-day brother must content himself with counting the days to Easter, and speculating upon the mental attitude of the sagacious ground-hog towards his Candlemas shadow.

Yet, since golf is an art that is practically limitless in its application, it follows that the golfer's education is never complete. There is always something more to be learned. At one of the athletic clubs a portion of the gymnasium has been set aside for the use of golfing members, where they may drive into big nets and putt over cocoa matting. But a club is not a public place, and the great army of golfers would be put entirely out of court but for the opportune establishment of a general school of golf, under the direction of a well-known professional player.

Some of the details of Willie Dunn's apparatus and system are ingenious and worth describing. The room is 75 feet long by 30 feet wide and 28 feet high, and at the far end is stretched a netting for the protection of the windows. The putting-green occupies one corner, and running lengthwise with the room is a heavy rubber mat, from which the players drive and loft. Of course there can be nothing in the way of a game under these conditions. The school is purely for instruction in the art, and under Dunn's watchful eye the novice may acquire a very respectable degree of proficiency in the essential rudiments of the game.

Dunn's methods are peculiar to himself, and not entirely in accordance with the canons laid down by Mr. Hutchinson in *Badminton*. But *tot homines, tot sententiæ*, and in the very latest contribution to golfing science (*Golf in Theory and Practice*) there is a substantial agreement with Dunn's theories on the vexed questions of stance and swing. The author, Mr. H. S. C. Everard, is a distinguished St. Andrews amateur, and his conclusions, coming as they do from the fountain-head of all golf, are at least entitled to respectful consideration. Briefly, Mr. Everard agrees with Dunn in recommending what is generally known as the Laidlay stance, the ball being teed nearly opposite the left heel, and the weight kept mainly on that leg. It is the position of the left heel that is the all-important point, according to Mr. Everard, and he goes on to expound the novel doctrine that the correctness of the stance is in no way dependent upon what we may do with that troublesome right foot. Provided that our left heel is planted firmly on the ground, and about in line with the ball, it may be left to the individual choice whether the right foot is advanced, kept square with the line, or slightly drawn back; golf, and good golf, is possible under all three conditions. Furthermore, Mr. Everard favors us with a new and apt definition of the nature of the full swing. He compares it with the hard backhanded stroke at racquets, referring of course to the left arm, as furnishing most of the motive power. All of which is important, if true.

In teaching the driving swing to a class, the pupils are ranged in line along the rubber mat, and the position of the feet, the imaginary ball, and the proper line of swing are carefully indicated by chalk marks. "One," says Dunn, and the clubs are simultaneously swung back to the horizontal; "two," and the swing is carried up over the shoulder; "three," and the downward stroke is brought through. After these exercises are fairly well mastered, each pupil is taken separately for the correction of specific faults in grip, stance, or swing. The next step is exercise in single-arm swinging (as also advised by Mr. Everard), and finally a series of continuous swings, beginning very slowly, and ending with all the speed and power that the pupil can put into the stroke. It is interesting to watch Dunn himself at this particular exercise. At first the arc described by the club-head is very short and low; but as the swing begins to lengthen out and to gather speed, the club-head rises further and further up the shoulder, until it passes well over and behind it, and the full stroke is brought through at a lightning pace, but absolutely smooth and true. Not until the novice has mastered the principles of the swing is he permitted to try an actual drive at a ball, and then he is encouraged to devote his entire attention to the aim, and to trust to the mechanical training previously given to his muscles for the reproduction of the correct movements. It may be added that Dunn's idea in keeping the weight upon the left foot is for the purpose of preventing the fatal fault of swaying the body to the right, and to assist in keeping the head steady. And again, with the weight kept on the left foot, the beginner will not be tempted into a conscious effort to rise on the left toe, under the mistaken assumption that he is thereby reproducing the orthodox attitude, as depicted in the books. This, too, is confirmed by Mr. Everard when he says that the left heel should only leave the ground as "a natural consequence following upon and induced by the upward swing of the club, not initiating any vagaries on its own account antecedently to the swing, with the mistaken view of making the circle longer."

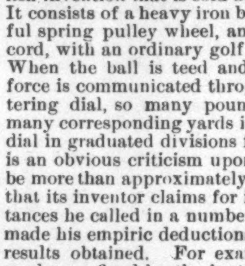
For practice in short pitches to the green, Dunn uses a canvas screen, which is adjustable at any desired height, and painted green in order that the beginner may familiarize himself at once with the natural aspect of the dreaded grass bunkers of the veritable course. Soft rubber balls are used, and the true wrist shot must be acquired if the ball is to clear the bunker and stay on the putting-green. The putting-green is built upon a foundation of wadding, over which is laid heavy carpet-paper, while a green baize cloth forms the putting surface proper. The wadding is elastic, so that it springs back under the stroke of the putter, affording the closest possible imitation of the natural turf. The wadding is laid in strips of varying thickness, so as to present an undulatory surface—the indispensable condition for scientific putting. The hole, of course, is flush with the playing surface.

No one learns golf in a school any more than he can acquire it from the pages of a book, but it is possible by these methods to lay the foundation of a good style. It is not worth while to thresh over the old straw of "form" *versus* "hitting the ball." The latter is, indeed, the absolute, the categorical necessity, and style itself can never drive a ball. But good form may be defined as the *easiest* way in which to accomplish the desired result, and viewed in that light, it is certainly worth the trouble of acquiring.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull golfer as surely as it is said to make him a dull boy. Lessons in the art of swinging a club are all very well up to a certain point; but this is work, not amusement, and the natural man instinctively longs after something that may more closely partake of the nature of a game. To meet this reasonable demand there have been placed upon the market several varieties of so-called parlor golf, but they are all mechanical games of chance, in which a die or a teetotum does the work of brassie and mashie, while the player is reduced to the humble position of scorer. Of course, so far as any exercise is concerned, one might as well confine himself to shuffling a pack of cards; but the inventors have worked out their several systems with much painstaking ingenuity, and parlor golf may serve well enough to fill up an idle hour now and then. It has been left for some members of the Morris County Club to experiment with a combination of apparatus that permits the use of real clubs and balls, and to evolve a game that really approximates the actual thing.

The arena for the Morristown idea is the floor of a coach-house that is about twenty-five by twenty feet in ground area, with sufficient height in the clear to allow a full swing with the driving-clubs. The driving strokes are played off the apparatus known as "linka," an English invention that is sold at all the sporting-goods shops. It consists of a heavy iron box, inside of which is a powerful spring pulley wheel, and over this is wound a stout cord, with an ordinary golf ball attached at the free end. When the ball is teed and struck away, the propelling force is communicated through the spring to a self-registering dial, so many pounds of pressure indicating so many corresponding yards in distance, as shown upon the dial in graduated divisions from zero up to 250 yards. It is an obvious criticism upon the machine that it cannot be more than approximately accurate, and that is the most that its inventor claims for it. To get at his scale of distances he called in a number of professional players, and made his empiric deductions from the general average of results obtained. For example, the high mark of 250 yards was fixed by the best that Douglas Rolland could do out of several hundred strokes. As a matter of fact, it requires a good, clean, swishing blow to register anything over 170 yards on the "linka," and that is near enough for practical purposes. It is excellent practice for keeping one's eye in, and it is quite as good exercise as driving in the open.

It is evident that, given a machine that will measure distance, it is possible to fix upon the proportions of an imaginary hole, or a series of them, and so proceed to play a game, it being understood that upon arriving at the imaginary green the putting is done with a free ball, and into an actual hole cut in the floor. But in practice the theory does not work out satisfactorily. So long as it is a question of free driving, the "linka" answers very well, but it fails to satisfy the complex problems involved in the approach shots. The required distance may be obtained, but a half or wrist shot on the "linka" is more luck than skill, and consequently uninteresting work. The important factors in the approach stroke are accuracy of direction and length of pitch, and these results require an entirely different scale of registration. The Morristown solution of the problem is the so-called "approaching stand." As shown in the illustration, it consists of a concentric series of netted hoops, all lying in the same plane, and pivoted between two standards, so as to be swung at any desired angle from the vertical to the horizontal. To understand the conditions under which it is used, it will be necessary to examine in detail the working plan of one of our imaginary holes. No. 1, "The Double Trouble," is a typical hole, and it will be seen that the line of play is scaled off in five and ten yard lengths, to correspond with the dial distances on the "linka." The player simply marks his progress along this line by sticking in a pin in accordance with the results obtained from the machine, until (and this is the important point) he has succeeded in driving his ball into one of the three



THE APPROACHING STAND.

(*Continued on page 276.*)

BY SOWING THE "HENDERSON" LAWN GRASS SEED

YOU CAN OBTAIN IN FROM SIX TO EIGHT WEEKS

A BEAUTIFUL LAWN

IN WHOSE RICH GREEN VELVETY DEPTHS

THE LAWNS OF OLD ENGLAND

HAVE THUS FAR FOUND THEIR ONLY RIVAL.

The English lawn is the ideal one, and yet the varieties of grasses used in England are worthless in this country. So for years we have been experimenting, and, as a result, we now offer in **The "Henderson" Lawn Grass Seed** the best lawn mixture in the world for our **American climate.** It not only forms a rich, thick turf within a few weeks, but, rooting deeply, it always withstands the severest drought. Made up of the various grasses that flourish during the different months, its peculiar, rich, deep emerald effect is always present. Rest assured if the directions sent with every order are carefully followed, you will not only be delighted with the result, but, if you have ever used sod, will be surprised that you ever did so. Even when sods can be had for nothing, their preparation and laying make them more expensive than our **Lawn Seed,** to say nothing of the appearance of a lawn or plot, forever bristling "with all sorts and conditions of" weeds.

In every package we send complete directions **"How to Make a Lawn,"** and whether you want a large lawn or a modest dooryard plot, we can supply the quantities needed, which are: for making new lawns, five bushels per acre; for renewing same area, from one to two bushels. For a plot 15 x 20, or 300 square feet, one quart is sufficient; for renewing same area use one pint.

Price, 25 cts. per qt.; $1.50 per peck; $5.00 per bushel of 32 qts.

If by mail, add 5 cents to quart price for postage.

The best way to remit is by Express Money Order, P. O. Money Order or Bank Draft. When more convenient, postage-stamps or silver will be accepted.

With every order from this advertisement we will send **FREE** that superb horticultural work of the century,

Our "Jubilee" Catalogue of Everything for the Garden,

A magnificent book of 170 pages, size 9 x 11 inches, with 500 illustrations and 6 beautiful colored plates. Every copy costs us 25 cents to produce.

FORM THE HENDERSON LAWN SEED CLUBS.

There are few communities where we have not at least several customers, and in many cases their lawn or grass plots are hardly large enough to justify the purchase of a Lawn Mower for individual use, but by clubbing together as below, both Lawn Seed and Lawn Mower can be had so reasonably that scores will avail themselves of this most liberal offer, which is nothing less than to

Give Away one of our "Henderson" Lawn Mowers

WITH EVERY CLUB ORDER FOR

50 QUARTS OF "HENDERSON" LAWN GRASS SEED.

Please read our offer carefully. To any one sending us an order for **fifty quarts of "Henderson" Lawn Grass Seed,** with a remittance for **$12.50** (which is at regular quart price), we will send, **without charge,** for their trouble,

One of The "Henderson Perfect" Hand Lawn Mowers

(see illustration), 12-inch cut, the lowest price of which is **$6.00** each. We have only space to say it is the very best of the high-grade side-wheel mowers; that it will last three times as long as cheaper mowers, and that we guarantee these and other claims made for it in Catalogue. For Club orders the seed will be put up in whole or in part of following sizes: one-quart, two-quart or four-quart packages, as may be desired, and boxed and **delivered free of charge** to any point in the United States. **BESIDES THIS,** if names and addresses of those composing the Club are sent, we will include for each a **"Jubilee" Catalogue. The Free Lawn Mower** will be shipped by freight, the recipient to pay charges, usually very small. No charge for packing or cartage.

Our "Golden Jubilee Souvenir" will be sent free to any one who, in ordering from this advertisement, will name the magazine in which it was seen.

PETER HENDERSON & Co. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK.

COPYRIGHT 1897 BY PETER HENDERSON & CO.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos, and

Are at present the Most Popular and

Preferred by the Leading Artists.

SOHMER & CO.

WAREROOMS: Nos. 149 to 155 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the Genuine S-O-H-M-E-R Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.

BEATS ALL!

SOLD FOR $2.00

Bought Back for. . .

$3.00

LOOK FOR THIS STAMP.

BUY NO OTHER.

EVERY ONE who sends us his or her name and address and the name of this paper before May 1st will receive our new illustrated catalogue, together with a rebate ticket good for one dollar towards the purchase of a Caw's "Dashaway" or Caw's "Safety" Fountain Pen, the catalogue price of which is $2 or more, with our guarantee to redeem the pen at our catalogue price, if returned one month later.

Like Finding a Dollar

You get a rebate ticket good for a dollar for the asking, and when you are ready to buy a Pen you use the ticket in paying for it.

Well, you say: "Suppose I buy a pen listed at say $2 or $3. I pay $1 or $2 in cash, and use ticket to settle the balance. Now, suppose I wish to return the Pen in a month, do you mean to say you will give me back the money I paid and $1 additional?"

That is exactly what we mean, and that is precisely what we will do if the Pen has not been abused.

You may apply in person at our store, 168 Broadway, New York, or by mail, as you prefer. Just let us have your name and address and the name of this paper, and we will do the rest, but not more than one ticket will be given to each applicant.

We have faith in our pens, or we would not make such an offer. Our faith rests on the thousands of testimonials from well-informed men and women from all parts of the world. We believe that every one will acknowledge the superiority of Caw's Pens over all others after a trial.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND said:

"I find Caw's 'Dashaway' very valuable as a signature Pen."

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON said:

"The second 'Dashaway' Pen received, and just suits me. The first one I gave to Mrs. Harrison, and she is using it with great satisfaction."

Among the tens of thousands of users of Caw's Pens, we know of none who would sell at cost price. We are curious to know how many takers there will be of our offer of an advance of $1 on the cost price, and we are also curious to know (it will be worth to us all it costs) which paper is the best advertising medium, therefore we make this offer conditional on each applicant naming the paper in which he reads this advertisement. This offer will not be repeated nor the time extended.

ADDRESS REBATE DEPARTMENT

CAW'S PEN AND INK COMPANY, 168 Broadway, New York.

The Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturers in the World.

CRESCENT BICYCLES

Right Prices

You can pay more money for a bicycle, but you cannot secure a machine of higher grade than the Crescent, or one that will please you better. $75, $50, $40.

Crescents are the most popular bicycles made—70,000 Crescents sold in 1896.

Crescents for everybody—men and women, youths and misses, boys and girls. Light, strong tandems.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS
CHICAGO NEW YORK
Catalogue free. Agents everywhere.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Insurance in Force, $109,000,000. Assets, $29,500,000.

In everything which makes Life Insurance safe, desirable, and moderate in cost the Provident is unsurpassed. Agents carefully trained and instructed.

The Only PORTABLE Electric Propeller

NO SPECIAL BOAT NEEDED. SHIFT TO ANY. USE ON ANY ROW BOAT.

No danger, fires, explosions, or engineering. Weight 85 lbs. A child can manage it. Simply "PUSH THE BUTTON." Only propeller movable in every direction; therefore, only one usable in shallowest or deep water. *Call, see it or send stamp for illustrated circular.*

FRANK S. ALLEN, 136 Liberty St., New York U. S.

1,000,000 TREES

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL. SHRUBS, VINES, ROSES, ETC., in over 1,000 varieties. Send for our illustrated catalogue. W. S. Little & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

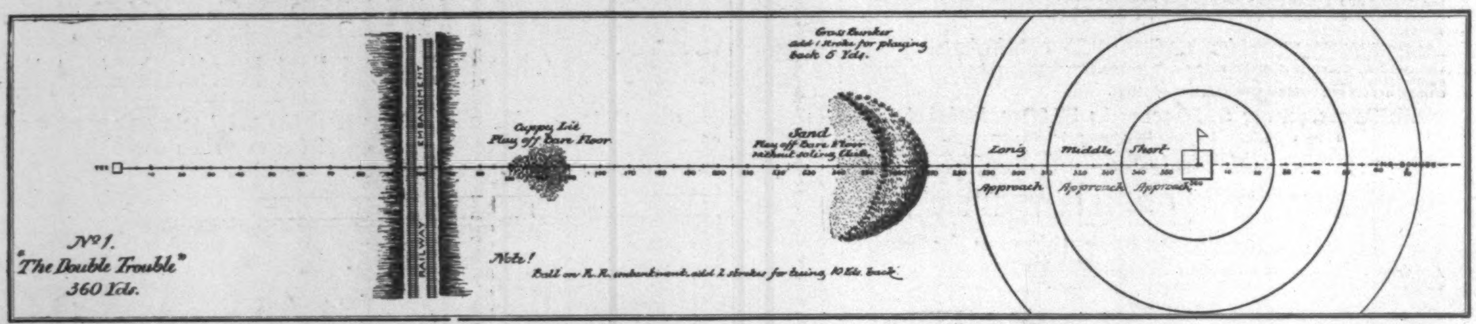
(Continued from page 274.)

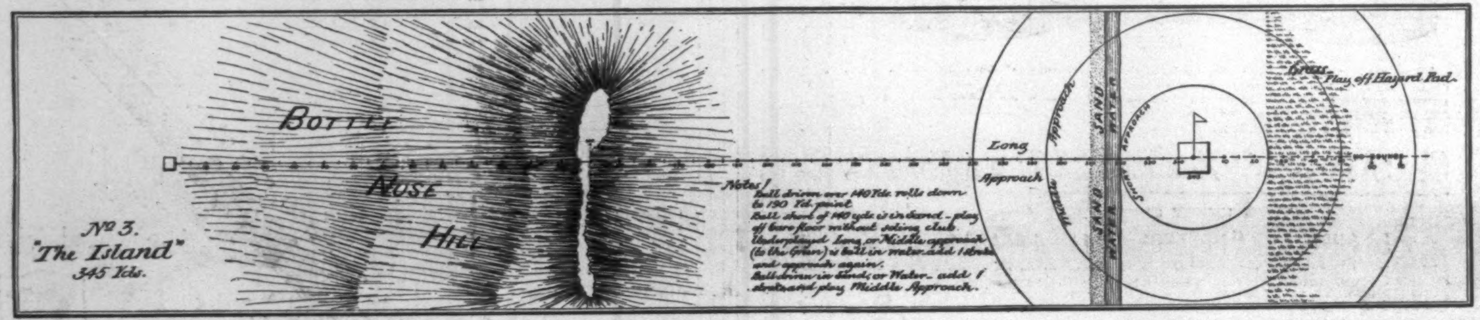
concentric circles described about the hole. These circles, at 75, 50, and 25 yards, respectively, mark the limits for the long, middle, or short approach stroke, as the case may be, and the shot is thereupon played with a free ball and at the "approaching stand," the "linka" being set aside. Now since the field of operations is supposed to be confined within four walls, it is evident that we shall not be able to make the distinction between a long, middle, or short approach by an actual change in playing distance. Therefore all the approach strokes are made from a fixed point, say twenty feet away, and the angle at which the netted framework is poised will approximately represent the different degrees of accuracy required. In the "long" approach, with the net in a horizontal position, our pitch will have to be very carefully gauged, or the netting will be missed altogether. For a "middle" approach the stand is tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, which gives a little more margin for error. Finally, for a "short" approach the netting is just off the vertical, and therefore it will catch anything that falls within either its vertical or its horizontal plane. To recapitulate, we determine, by the reading of the "linka," into which of the three circles around the hole our ball has been driven. If it is in the outer circle, we play the "long" approach, with the net in a horizontal position. If our ball has been driven into the middle circle, our next shot must be a "middle" approach, with the net at an angle of forty-five degrees. And lastly, for a "short" approach we must have the net at the vertical, when there is no excuse for not laying the ball on the green.

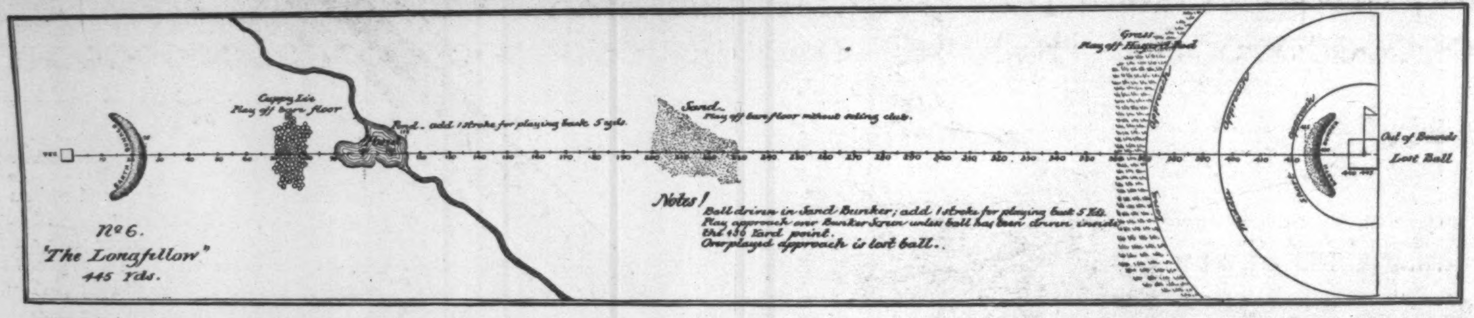
Now for the results of our approach shot. The hoops of the "approaching stand" are, respectively, four feet, two and a half feet, one foot and four and a quarter inches, in diameter. We may arbitrarily assume that a ball in the four-foot ring is lying on the putting-green at a distance of fifteen feet from the hole, one in the two-and-a-half-foot ring at six feet away, and one in the one-foot ring at one actual foot. A ball played into the smallest ring is supposed to have been holed outright from the approach. For the others, we have only to place them at the indicated distances from the actual hole cut in the floor, and to putt them out as in the out-door game.

It is a curious fact that, as in real golf, the approach is generally the crucial shot of the game. For the "long" approach especially, it is absolutely necessary that the player should be able to execute a real wrist stroke; putting the ball up with the iron will not do. Again, at some of the holes there may be a bunker indicated within the approaching limits, as in No. 6, "The Longfellow."

APPROACHING OVER BUNKER.





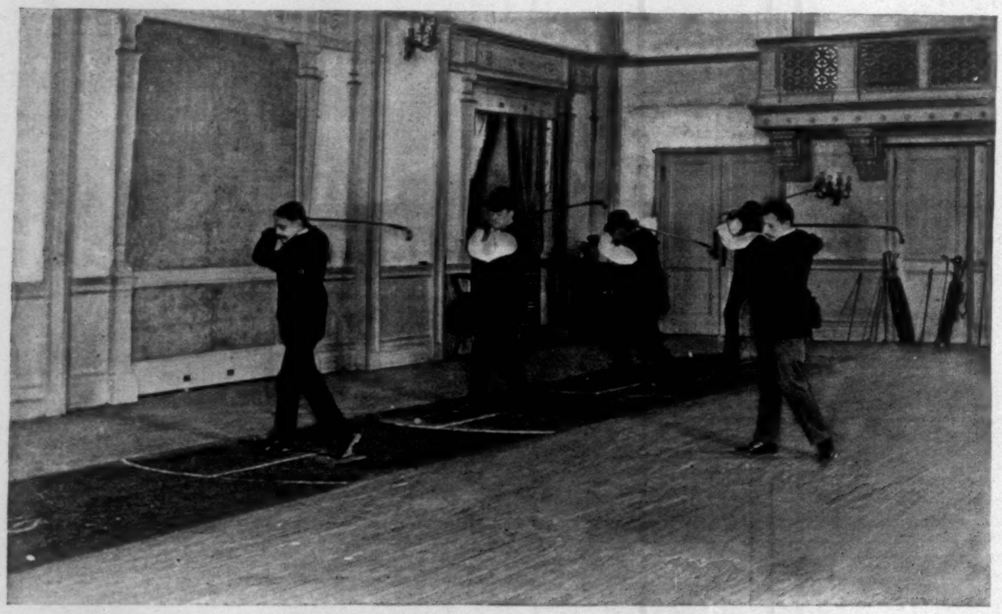


In this case an actual obstacle, in the shape of a low wooden screen, is fixed in position half-way between the stand and the approaching point, and the player must clear it to put his ball on the green—*i. e.*, into one of the netted hoops of the "approaching stand." There is a further analogy to golf in that failure to do so may be the occasion of much confusion of face and strife of tongues.

In the working out of the playing plans of our imaginary nine-hole course, it has even been found possible to provide for certain varieties in the lie of the ball. Of course the first shot is driven off a rubber or paper tee, and a fair lie through the green is approximated by using a heavy cocoa-fibre or rubber mat. Here and there (see chart for hole No. 6) long grass, cuppy lies, or sand may be indicated. In the first case, the shot must be played off a long-haired skin rug, while for a cup or sand the ball is placed upon the bare floor.

The caviller may perhaps urge that no such country as that depicted upon the charts could possibly exist anywhere. Be it so; it is so much the worse for Nature that she has not ordered the plan of creation with more reference to the pleasure and profit of the golfer. In the planning of our imaginary course we have only the ideal to consider. It has been suggested, moreover, that any existing golf course may easily be scaled and plotted so as to be played under in-door conditions, and the comparison of out-door and in-door scores would be interesting. As a matter of fact, the scores made on this particular series of imaginary holes come very close to the average play in the open. A principal point of difference lies in the fact that no provision can be made for a "pull" or a "slice," and all balls played off the "linka" are assumed to stay on the course. But again, the ball must be hit clean and straight, or the penalty will be paid in the distance registered.

Finally, while all this is not golf, it does contain some of its elements, and it is both good exercise and a real game. No two rounds are ever played alike, and the superiority of the Class A player may be fully as apparent upon our imaginary links as it is upon the regular club course. In driving with the "linka" one misses, of course, the glorious arc described by the free ball against the blue; but the pleasurable sensations of a good clean shot are otherwise much the same. Practice with the "approaching stand" may be of value in the perfection of wrist and pitching strokes, and it is the required link between free driving and holing out that makes our imaginary round theoretically possible and practically interesting.



A CLASS IN DRIVING—SECOND POSITION.

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge.—With Drawings by Remington.—8vo, Cloth, $4 00.—Harper & Brothers.

The Increasing and Immense Sale of

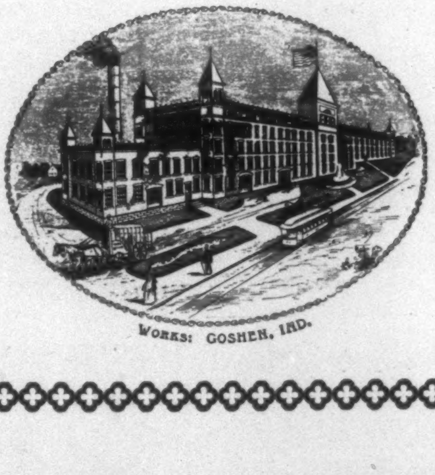
Buttermilk Toilet Soap

is convincing evidence that it is the most satisfactory soap now made for the

COMPLEXION, TOILET, AND BATH

The Absolute Purity, Delightful Scent, and Reasonable Price

of COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP are the causes of its immense popularity and its many imitations. It makes the skin soft, white, and velvety, and, used in the bath, is soothing and beneficial. **Sold Everywhere.**



NOTE STYLE OF PACKAGE AND TAKE NO OTHER

Sample Cake Ten Cents.

"COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO." IS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

Made only by

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO., Marquette Bdg., Chicago

MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE

DESPITE the remarkably varied contents of Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," the accuracy and perfection required, and the wide division of labor involved, two more of the superb volumes have promptly come to hand, and these more than bear out the high opinion we had already formed of the work. These volumes impress us again with the felicity of the idea and the excellence of the general aim and plan. It is the crowning virtue of Mr. Warner's Library that it delivers the masterpieces of literature, in a most convenient and available form, into the hands of the people to whom they properly belong—the masterpieces, too, not simply of this country or that country, this time or that time, but of all countries and of all times that in literature have produced masterpieces. It is a great idea; and we rejoice to see it coming to us so admirably fulfilled under the execution of Mr. Warner, Mr. Mabie, and their learned associates.

As above stated, the two volumes just issued repeat the excellence of the earlier volumes. True, Mr. Warner's Library is not avowedly devoted to any special field of knowledge such as science or history; it is more; it comprehends all departments of intellectual activity. A good library of literature must, in the very nature of the case, comprise the most agreeable and authoritative record of whatever has been learned or thought in the world, whether it falls in the domain of history, science, fancy, or speculation. Hence, with only these thirty volumes, one will possess an all-round, general working library.

As showing the comprehensiveness of the two volumes now before us, it may be said that they range from Bion, the Greek poet who lived some 275 years before Christ and wrote the noble "Threnody," to James M. Barrie, whom only the other day in New York publishers and editors were jostling each other to banquet and placate, in the hope of securing the right to publish his next novel. Along with an interesting sketch of Mr. Barrie's life and a remarkably intelligent and sympathetic study of his genius, is given the best of his "Auld Licht Idylls" and of the stories in "A Window in Thrums," and even a fine episode from "Sentimental Tommy," that wonderful novel of his which is only just now published. This for a work of the magnitude and enduring quality of the Library is keeping up to date with an emphasis.

One of the most interesting sections in the volume of the Library now under review, and one of the best illustrations also of the excellence of its plan and execution, is the section devoted to Balzac, the greatest of the French novelists and one of the greatest novelists of any nation. Balzac died in 1850, with the world not yet half aware of his wonderful power of analysis, creation, and portrayal. While not abating any of its merely entertaining quality, he had given the novel a serious import, making it a presentation and criticism of life of the utmost significance. Little by little as the significance of his writings dawned upon the public, the interest in him and his work quickened, until now the name one hears on every hand, not only in literary, but also in ethical and scientific discussion, is Balzac. Complete editions of his works are issued at great cost in many countries; and scholars and critics of the finest quality devote themselves to the special study and exposition of them. For a person of general culture not to know something of his life and writings is what it would be for English readers not to know something of Shakespeare.

But with the Balzac literature grown to such bulk, the question arises, can the task of getting out of it what the general reader ought to have be so simplified as to be made possible for him? In the Balzac section of Mr. Warner's Library this task is really so simplified as to become not only possible—easily possible—but extremely pleasant. Professor W. P. Trent, of the University of the South, one of the few men who have read for themselves every line that Balzac published, gives within a space of twenty pages an account of Balzac's life, the scope and character of his work, and his place in literature, that only specialists can

HAMILTON W. MABIE,
Associate Editor of the Library.

desire more and which even they will find very helpful; "One might," Professor Trent says, "write a hundred essays on Balzac and not exhaust him;" but of the several hundred that have already been written, the essential parts are all in this one of Professor Trent. Then, in sixty-four pages more, we have in many wisely chosen parts from Balzac's voluminous works such a presentation of his writings that the reading of them in connection with the introductory essay will be found a most delightful pastime. Nobody need approach it with heavy-hearted dutifulness as a task; but they can plunge into it whole-heartedly as pure pleasure, just as they would go to the play. There is given also a portrait of Balzac that is much the best we have ever seen; it reveals the strange, strong genius of the man as does no other with which we are acquainted.

The frontispiece of one of the new volumes is an excellent portrait of Henry Ward Beecher. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Beecher's successor as pastor of Plymouth Church, furnishes an interesting sketch of his life and a description of his qualities and power as a writer and preacher. "The greatness of Henry Ward Beecher," says Dr. Abbott, "consisted not so much in a predominance of any one quality as in a remarkable combination of many." So true is this that, unlike many orators, Mr. Beecher has left something more than traditions of his greatness. While not often named as a man of letters, he has left no small body of writings, many of which will be interesting and inspiring to men for many a day to come. One is convinced of this in the Library, where are reproduced one of the famous "Star Papers," one of the great sermons, chapters from the novel "Norwood," and other writings, showing Mr. Beecher on all of his many sides and at his best.

"Masterpieces every one," may truly be said of the varied and interesting contents of the Library, and this characterization applies with equal truth to the special articles on great authors prepared by over three hundred literary celebrities of this country and Europe. And not only individual authors, but entire fields of literature are covered in these exhaustive reviews, and their perusal gives the reader a connected, comprehensive, and impressive idea of the whole world of letters. In a word, the masterpieces afford the equivalent of uncondensed thousands of books, and the essays furnish a guide to them all and to much other good reading. These purely literary portions, in connection with the Dictionary of Authors, the Synopses of all Notable Works, and the exhaustive General Indexes, make it possible to easily gain a knowledge of all that is best in books, and to quickly ascertain any desired literary fact.

No one with any aspirations to literary culture or taste can afford to be without this monumental compendium. In a word, if one reads at all, it is invaluable. With the aid of this great Library, one may acquire in a season's easy reading a wider grasp of literature than could otherwise be obtained by the industrious study of a lifetime. Although this proposition may seem startling at first, these thirty volumes really contain a well-rounded literary education.

The first edition is, of course, the most desirable, because printed from the new, fresh plates. Usually a higher price is charged, but the publishers of the Library have actually reduced the price, and are making a special offer, so as to place a few sets in each community for inspection. At the figure put upon these special sets, the buyer saves nearly half the list-price, besides having the privilege of easy monthly payments. But it is possible to take advantage of this price through the Harper's Weekly Club only, which offers a limited number of sets, to introduce and advertise the work. The Club now forming closes this month, when the price will be advanced.

The number of sets available for the Club closing this month are very few, as the leading magazines have reserved many memberships for their readers. Therefore readers of the WEEKLY, in order to avail themselves of the present opportunity, should make application at once to the Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York, for sample pages and special prices.

Arnold Constable & Co.

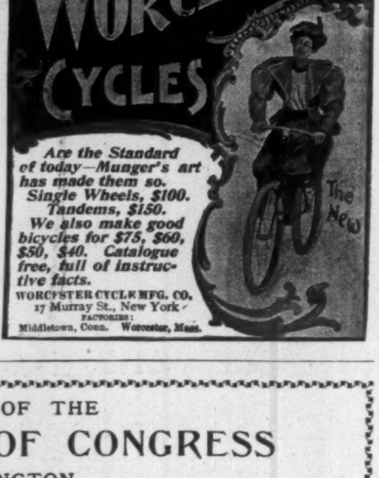
Oriental Rugs.

A., C. & Co. take pleasure in offering their Spring importations of Antique and Modern Rugs, all of which are rich in design and coloring.

Punjaubs,
Oushaks,
Persians,
Gheordes.

They have also received and are offering a beautiful lot of Kurdistan Rugs in desirable sizes, 6 x 9 feet to 9 x 12 feet.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.



HANDBOOK OF THE
NEW LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
IN WASHINGTON

Illustrated with more than one hundred half-tone engravings. Compiled by HERBERT SMALL. With essays on the Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting by CHARLES CAFFIN, and on the Function of a National Library by AINSWORTH R SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress.

Sent, postpaid, upon receipt of price: in paper covers, 30 cents; in cloth, 50 cents.

The publishers are also including reproductions of the paintings in the Library in their series of Copley Prints of notable paintings in this country. *Catalogue sent upon request.*

CURTIS & CAMERON, Publishers, 150 Pierce Building (opposite Public Library), BOSTON.

VIOLETTES DU CZAR
(Czar's Violets)
CONCENTRATED PERFUMES
L. LEGRAND (Oriza-Perfumery) 11, Place de la Madeleine, PARIS

Nansen's Great Book

FARTHEST NORTH

Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship *Fram* (1893–1896), and of a Fifteen Months' Sleigh Journey by Dr. NANSEN and Lieut. JOHANSEN. By Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN. With an Appendix by OTTO SVERDRUP, Captain of the *Fram*. With over 100 Full-page and Numerous Text Illustrations, Sixteen Colored Plates in Facsimile from Dr. NANSEN's own Water-Color, Pastel, and Pencil Sketches, an Etched Portrait, Two Photogravures, and Four Maps. About 1300 pages, 2 Volumes, Large 8vo, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $10.00. (*Ready March 19.*)

These two volumes contain a most entrancing story of real life—of fearful hardships endured; of daily perils; of most dramatic moments.—*Daily News*, London.

Altogether it is not too much to say that the book is a masterpiece of story-telling.—*Times*, London.

They possess all the fascination of Jules Verne's wonderful stories, with the added interest attaching to them from their being actual performances. — *Literary World*, London.

Certainly it will remain for many years to come as an Arctic classic, and the narrative which beats its record will be the sensation of a future age.—*Academy*, London.

The genius of a Defoe could scarcely contrive a more absorbing story than we have in the second volume of the book.—*Spectator*, London.

Dr. Nansen is a writer of singular capacity; he enlists the sympathies of his readers and makes their hearts go out to him.—*Athenæum*, London.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

$85 buys the 1897 Gladiator

the very best wheel made at any price

This name plate guarantees the highest **quality** in **design, material, workmanship, and finish.**

We also make the
Spartacus
a good, durable, honest bicycle at **$65**

and the long-wanted **reliable** youth's wheel
Commodore
at **$40**

The Mechanical Perfection of '96 will be maintained with real (not imaginary) improvements.

Elegant **CATALOGUE** In 6 Colors free.

Discriminating Riders and Responsible Dealers (agents) should write us.

Address
Gladiator Cycle Works, 109-115 W. 14th St., Chicago

This Dayton Tandem was used constantly all last season in the Berkshire Hills without one cent for repairs.

DAYTON RIDERS Enjoy Life. The perfection of their mount perfects their pleasure.

SINGLES, TANDEMS, TRIPLETS, QUADS, illustrated in the **Free Catalogue.** Address:
DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO., DAYTON, OHIO, and 64 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.
DAYTON BICYCLE CO., 76 Reade Street, NEW YORK.
THE CONGDON & CARPENTER CO., 159 Tremont Street, BOSTON, and PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ANYTHING, FROM A PINHOLE TO A LONG CUT IN THE

DUNLOP Detachable TIRES

These are the only tools you'll need

Can be easily repaired **without tools or materials,** and a novice can make a **permanent** repair in a few minutes without tools, using only the common materials and his two hands.

There are more DUNLOP TIRES in use to-day than all other makes combined. They cost nothing on a new wheel. Insist on having DUNLOP'S. You cannot go wrong on them. Send for free Catalogue to the

AMERICAN DUNLOP TIRE CO.
504 W. 14th St., New York City
CHICAGO Branches: TORONTO

Financial

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

MOUSON'S NEW PERFUME

VIOLETTE DE LA REINE

Is inconceivably delicate and lasting, yet not too expensive.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO.,
U. S. AGENTS,
22-24 Washington Place, New York City.

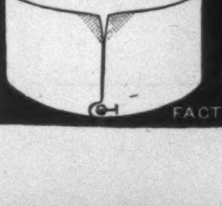
CRAWFORD BICYCLES
$50

Tandems, $100
Boys' and Girls' Bicycles
$45, $40, $35

Simple, durable machines of fine workmanship and handsome finish. Guaranteed for one year.

CRAWFORD MFG. CO.
Send for Catalogue. Hagerstown, Md.

H. C. CURTIS & CO'S
Ophena
TRADE MARK
2¾ INCHES HIGH
25¢



FACTORIES TROY, N.Y.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE
TOILET POWDER—CH. FAY, Inventor
9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY

Beautiful muslin for wedding trousseaux—"as fine as linen, as soft as silk."
For sale by all leading retailers.

AN EXPLORER'S FATE.

"How do they know the natives ate him?"

"One of the relief party found his name on the Bill of Fare."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

Genuine only with J. v. Liebig This signature in blue.

The first in the field and still unrivalled

The great chemist Baron JUSTUS VON LIEBIG made the first scientific effort to produce an extract of meat. The result of his efforts he gave to the world under the name of Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef, and to attest its genuineness he authorized this company to use his signature, now familiar to all the world, on the jars of this famous product. All other extracts of beef came later and are practically imitations of the great original, which is still

Unapproachable for purity, economy, and fine flavor

For improved and economic cookery

For delicious, refreshing beef tea

GREAT WESTERN THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.

Now Used in many of the Best Hotels, Clubs, and Homes IN PREFERENCE to Foreign Vintages.

For Particulars, Prices, etc., address

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,

RHEIMS, STEUBEN CO., NEW YORK.

H. B. KIRK & CO., Agents, 69 Fulton Street, also Broadway and 27th Street, N.Y.

Armour's White Soap.

An absolutely pure, snow-white, floating soap. For toilet, bath, nursery and fine laundry work. Cleanses thoroughly and leaves the skin soft as velvet.

Made in two sizes—a 5-cent cake, which is most suitable for nursery and toilet, and a larger cake for laundry and bathroom use.

THE ARMOUR SOAP WORKS CHICAGO ARMOUR & CO. PROPRIETORS

Clean, fragrant, reliable, inexpensive, and absolutely harmless,

Allcock's Porous Plasters

fully meet the requirements of a household remedy, and should always be kept on hand. Beware of imitations.

$1000 in Gold

will be paid in prizes for the best answers to examination papers containing 150 questions about things we all want to know. No acquaintance with the classics or higher mathematics is required for this competition; a bright schoolboy or a clear-headed business man can do as well as a college professor. But these prizes can only be won by people who use

The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia

500,000 Definitions.
150,000 Encyclopedic Articles.
300,000 Quotations.
8,000 Engravings.
The World's Greatest Reference Work.
An International Authority.

The award committee will consist of college professors whose names will be announced later.

You can obtain immediate possession of this great work ☞ in cash, the balance to be paid in small monthly payments, and (with diligence) win one of the prizes. (First Prize, $500.)

For $5 Only

Send for a descriptive pamphlet of the work, or details of the competition, to

THE CENTURY CO., (Dept. R.) New York

NEW FICTION

An American Novel of Life and Passion

THE DESCENDANT. A Novel. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

There are strong and tragic elements in this realistic story of human life and passion. The hero is at odds with society, his birth and training having combined to imbitter him. The story of his alliance with the forces that make for anarchy and of his defiance of law and order is most absorbing. The pendulum swings from the height of aspiration to deep despair, but the story is brightened by the unfailing light of a woman's love.

By the Author of "Black Diamonds"

THE GREEN BOOK; or, Freedom Under the Snow. A Novel. By MAURUS JÓKAI. Translated by Mrs. WAUGH. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50. In "The Odd Number Series."

The popular reception accorded to "Black Diamonds," from the pen of this brilliant Hungarian novelist, would seem to guarantee a hearty welcome for another of his books. This story is one of Underground Russia, and deals especially with the secret and terrible power of the Nihilists. It has a strong historical background and an absorbing plot.

By the Author of "The Adventures of Jones"

THE VOYAGE OF THE RATTLETRAP. By HAYDEN CARRUTH. Illustrated by H. M. WILDER. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

This is the story of three boy chums and of their cruise across the Dakotas in a "prairie-schooner." Mr. Carruth has a genial humor in the telling of ordinary happenings that is irresistible, and he even manages to impart a great deal of useful information as he goes along. The author tells us very pleasantly some things about this big slice of Uncle Sam's territory.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, N. Y.

RAMBLER BICYCLES

"THE 18 YEAR OLD WHEELS"

1897

POPULAR LIST PRICE

$80.

THE GREAT STRENGTH

for which RAMBLERS have always been famous, lies in the special care used in the selection of high class materials and thorough workmanship, the principal strengthening feature being the more expensive but stronger

LAP BRAZED JOINTS

WITH

FISH-MOUTH OUTSIDE REINFORCEMENTS.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED RAMBLER BOOK, TELLING ALL ABOUT WHEELS, FREE AT ANY RAMBLER AGENCY IN THE U.S.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

CHICAGO, BOSTON, WASHINGTON, NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, DETROIT, CINCINNATI, BUFFALO. COVENTRY & LONDON ENG.

Harper's Catalogue,

Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

TRADE E. & W. MARK

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 853 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs FREE

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

25 CTS 25 CTS

The White

You Know us!

We are manufacturing high-grade bicycles; we might say the highest grade. All the qualifying adjectives in Webster could be utilized and not make it more emphatic than we have done in the use of the two words, "HIGHEST GRADE." Attach due importance to this claim, keeping in mind that we would not know where to commence to build inferior wheels, and the whole story is told.

Four Styles

Models "A" and "B," for ladies and gents, list $100.00; Models "C" and "D," for ladies and gents, list $75.00. SOLD ONLY UNDER OUR TRADE-MARK NAME AND STRONG DIRECT GUARANTEE. Models "A" and "B" finished in dark-green, black, clear white, or maroon enamel, handsomely gold striped; "C" and "D" in black and cardinal only. Can you conceive of anything more handsome than the ladies' Model "B," in white enamel, with its gold ornamentation and heavily nickel-plated trimmings? or Model "A," gent's wheel, in dark-green enamel, with handsome gold striping? **Mark the Prediction! The Wheel of the Future is the "WHITE."** No argument about this whatever.

Our Catalogue is the handsomest ever issued.
It is yours for the asking. Address

White Sewing Machine Co., (BICYCLE DEPARTMENT)

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

NEW YORK. BOSTON. SAN FRANCISCO.